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Literary Department

A LECTURE, Delivered at Crosby's Music Hall, June 19 In Commemoration of the Life and Services of Charles Dickens.

By Mrs. Emma Hardinge. [Synopsis of Stenographic report by Josephine F. Smith] Our Master and our God, we approach Thee this night in prayer and lamentation. We ask of Thee where that bright and beautiful soul fled? That form we loved is still, but our brother is not dead! Oh, tell us whither he has flown? Oh, teach us what is life and what is death, and in solving this question, Oh, Spirit of Life! may it bring us nearer to Thee.

We do not speak this night of Charles Dickens to eulogize the name that needs no eulogistic display from us, but from the innermost depths of our being our spirits go out to seek an answer to the question, "Where has our brother fled?"

What has Spiritualism to tell of his whereabouts? We have heard the voice of the press throughout the land, the lamentations and the eulogies. His name has become a household word in all nations, and as immortal as his existence; forever immortal in the history of the poor, hungry, obscure boy, who soared to a luminous manhood that the world admires, who became a member of every household and a citizen of every great nation; who arose from darkness and poverty to stand a bright and shining light among men.

But, said a good Christian brother to me, Charles Dickens was not a Christian; he was not a member of any Christian organization; he was not a historian; he was not an essayist; he was only a novelist!

Our good God has demanded that every age shall have its gigantic minds; that every phase of life must have first its private, then its public, and then its mighty General. Only a novelist? Charles Dickens was not a Christian? Ah, but remember Charles Dickens wrote living pictures of living men and women. Pictures vivified by his pen, of bright, cheerful, dark scenes in human life; depicted life-like and real, as found on the stage of human life, but not, scarcely ever, found in the pages of fiction. You and I can find out pictures there, and the pictures of living men, women and children that were in every day life, there, standing out on the pages of those volumes, brought forth by the portraying and delineating pen of that mighty General in the army of novelists. A noisy mission was his! Why may we not call his mission holy? For he did not write gilded scenes, of gilded houses and gilded lives, he did better; he wrote the pictures of every life, and to our minds his characters are real, tangible living men and women that we are constantly meeting in our daily walks of life.

Who has not read of the Yorkshire school, of the poor, little, helpless children left to the mercies of the Yorkshire brute? Abused, kicked, degraded, with all the cruelty of human slavery wrought into the school-room, and executed with a masterly hand in the name of sacred duty! He who has not seen such scenes has never seen the schools of Yorkshire and London. In this new Western World, where justice and mercy blend and unite in your public school room, as well as in your Lyceum Halls, such scenes you may not witness, but to me that dark, dreary, cruel picture is a vivid portrait of those schools, and of the shrieking, helpless childhood, left to the merciless task of those human vultures. Though such scenes may not exist in the New World, nevertheless they find existence in the Old World.

He has engraved the bright scenes of life as well as the dark. He has pictured the little helpless waif of childhood shivering up into precocious manhood, a bright light on the shores of a guide to others on the rough, billowy tide of life. He has shown that the poor, degraded splinter, who no one cares for, can become the ministering angel to the feeble and needy, and by her angel like nature and untiring efforts, gain unyielding love, and grow to feel that even her existence is necessary, and that the world may be better for her coming. He has brought smiles to the brow of care, comforted and sheltered the homeless widow and orphan; he has brought comfort and sunshine to the sick chamber, and the lonely cot; he has cheered old age with hope and plenty, the reward of honest endeavor; he has lighted the little home with the light of clear conscience and holy deeds; he has made happiness the reward of righteous dealing and pure motives; he has bedecked the brow of youth with the jewel of filial love; he has made the world bright and happy to the virtuous and truly noble.

Why say you that our brother has left this world and was not a Christian? No one was more Christ-like. Like Christ he was of lowly origin; like Christ he labored for the lowly. Spiritualism tells us he has not gone far away! His work is not yet done, although his hand is stilled,—yet his kindly smile is reflected back to us. Only a novelist? See the little child stealthily sliding and succoring the poor convict that is consigned in the lonely church yard! Poor, lost wretch, with no bright spot in dark life of crime and murder. But the room of darkness on his track, and again he is taken, and made to endure human cruelty, misdeeds human passion and justice. Through all the weary years of toil and suffering there was one bright spot in his, his little, dark heart, it was love for that little child friend. It was the God within, that stayed his hand from darker crimes; it gave him the desire to depart from his life

of sin, and be a true man. It stayed the murderer's hand. It held him back from many crimes that his cruel life and dark surroundings would otherwise have prompted him to commit. Human punishment makes no man better, but cultivation, instead the devil within him. He loved that child, the only one that had ever shown him kindness; he toiled for him; for him he accumulated riches, and risked his life to lay it all at his feet, to make a gentleman of him if wealth could do it. He finds him a man grown; he pours forth his wealth of love upon him, and at last, lays down his life for him. Is this not a vivid picture of human methods of punishment for sin, and its effect? Kindness awakens love and gratitude in the lost convict's heart, and gives him a desire to live a better life; kindness causes the murderer to drop the bloody knife, and stays his hand from crime. Human methods of treating the violator of human laws, makes no reformation, makes no man better. Oh, human justice! Oh, courts of human justice! vividly as the pen of Charles Dickens pictured you forth to the world with all your hideousness! "Great Expectations" is a picture of it as it is, and as it should be.

Follow him to the lonely church yard, and listen to the story of Gabriel Blood, the sexton. Listen to the tones of the organ, as Tom Pinch's fingers draw them forth, and your soul rises above the humble church surroundings to those sweet strains. See the poor woman seeking a means of livelihood in the streets of London, see her struggles for life, and at last see her lie down behind the hedge to die, rather than go to the London workhouse, then say not that these pen-pictures are not real! Vividly has he pictured the horrors of the homes of charity in London. Boldly did he wrestle with oppression, tyranny, wrong and vice everywhere. A novelist? No, a writer of living pictures, a bold reformer, and a worker for humanity, one of the world's redeemers. His hand was ever open in charity, he was ever the poor man's friend. I have seen his hand extended to the down-trodden, his smile beaming in the lowly; I have heard him call the humble brother.

Oh, Americans, when he visited your shores, and followed that visit with his "Voice on America," your voice was raised against him! The keen satirist wrote of your divine institution of Freedom as found in the Southern States. His satirical pen haunted you as roughly as if it did his own country. He portrayed your iconoclastic as he saw them; he touched your national vanity, and you, Americans, hurried blither anathemas at the satirist. But he lived America. His heart turned to the New World, with her world of mind and types of noble manhood and womanhood. Years sped on, and once again he felt he was visiting your country. The generous American heart received the great reformer with outstretched arms and extended hands of welcome. Your world of intelligence greeted him as a brother. He was taken to the American heart and home. He felt he was among brothers. Oh, Americans, though he depicted your shortcomings as well as your real greatness, he loved you, bright home of genius and justice!

Death was not finished his work. He still lives to labor for the world, to labor for his brother man. He has left one unfinished story, to be finished in spirit life, compiled into a living book, from which spirits will draw living light and truth as mortals draw life from the sun light. No deed or work of goodness is lost or ended. Every deed is garnered up, formed into a diadem, and bequeathed by angel hands. Then, what has death done with our brother, humanity's friend, he who was ever the poor man's friend? Shall we meet him no more? Is his life of usefulness done? Spiritualism tells us that we shall meet him again, that Charles Dickens lives, eternally lives in the light of spirits; that we shall meet him in the great hour of communion, soul with soul, as well as in the mortal pages of his immortal Pickwick; that a bright record of noble deeds and shining works greeted him on the other shore; and that his soul will go marching on throughout the realms of infinity, towards brighter and more resplendent light.

His Christianity was not found beneath steeples, but was world-wide, and his monument eternally stands towering toward heaven, in Christ like work and benevolent deeds. His living pictures eternally exist, and with them remembrance of his generous deeds and genial soul are imperishable.

What tho' his form lie mouldering in the grave! What tho' the summer grasses o'er his ashes wave! The spirit of the good man has arisen from the grave.

And still goes marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord. He's sworn as a private in the legions of the Lord. On to Ararat, with truth's sun-bright sword, his foot is marching on.

Foremost he flies where the ranks of angels form, Face white as lightning, where the squares of angels form.

He treads in the thunder cloud, and charges in the storm.

With the light of fearful pity, and the pangs as true as pain.

His pen went marching on.

With fearless hand he tore the mask from proud oppressions face.

With piercing words he made the tyrant tremble in his place.

At the game of reformation he has nobly won the race.

As his soul went marching on.

Little children, bid God bless him, he with tender, old, holiest phrase.

Has pleaded for your helplessness, has pictured out your ways.

Let your precious little voices join the chorus of his praise.

As his soul goes marching on.

From the cradle of the sunlight, from the old and distant East.

O'er the pathless waste of waters, to the land of farthest West.

From the mighty, throbbing heart of every nation of the earth.

Where'er the noble printing press or sciences have birth.

A cry of thanksgiving rends the sky above our head.

God bless the brave reformer, God bless the noble deed.

May his hand and mind the starry worlds, in living scriptures write.

And publish, thro' eternity, his name in endless light.

As his soul goes marching on.

VOICES FROM THE GRAVE.

Three Hours in Converse with the Spirits. Starting and Supernatural Manifestations.

From the Louisville Commercial.

The article on spiritual manifestations which appeared some days ago in the Commercial, excited much comment in different circles, and provoked the curiosity of many who desired other information on the subject. Feeling a desire to give forth some of these wonderful manifestations of an unseen power, another of our reporters visited, on Friday night, a family in Jeffersonville who held these seances, and gratified the curiosity of their friends who might or might not be skeptical about spiritual manifestations.

spirits in writing—we say spirits, conceding them to be such in this article—suggested to the lady to procure this trumpet, as a means for giving their voices to the circle clearly and plainly; hence its use from that date.

The spectators, many of them strangers, forming the circle were seated around in this room, which was darkened. The lights were excluded and the curtains dropped, and in a few moments, when all was comparatively quiet, save a few desultory conversations that were kept up, the trumpet commenced to move around the room slowly, and after making the turn of the circle stopped, and a voice in the form of a clear, loud whisper, coming through the trumpet, greeted us! His name was given as Jimmy Nolan, once a soldier in the Indiana regiment of volunteer infantry, and who died from this material world about five years ago, at Nashville, Tenn., of typhoid fever. In life he was well known to the gentleman whose wife is the medium, and who served in the same regiment or brigade with him. Jimmy is a frequent visitor at this circle, and is familiar even to him in his conversational with the different members of the family. He calls the gentleman referred to familiarly "Cap," and has a desire to make sport of a boy in the family called "Bub," tells him quantity about his big ears, etc.; professes to great fondness for the medium (in which he shows himself a spirit of good taste, as the lady is a most agreeable and attractive one), and speaks in a short, abrupt manner in answer to all questions. We thus introduce "Jimmy Nolan" to our readers.

He desired music from the circle, when a simple little hymn was sung, on the conclusion of which, from the trumpet, came a voice, speaking in solemn, impressive tones, making an invocation to the Creator. We confess we were in a critical, watchful mind, and listened intently to this voice. The language and tenor of the invocation was grand, impressive and beautiful. As an invocation, an impressive, solemn effort, it was, in every sense, beautiful and unexceptionable. While it was being given in the darkened room, the sounds in the street were audible—children talking, fowls screaming, and dogs barking—the seen and unseen world blending together in our senses.

"Jimmy," as we will term him hereafter, then skipped about the room, talking familiarly to many in the circle, and answering questions pleasantly. It came to several, would stop, and say, I see a man or woman here, as the case might be, and then describe them minutely. In several cases the forms described and names given were recognized by some one of the circle. We were introduced by name to Jimmy, and we modestly asked that he should bestow some special favor upon us, as we were a stranger in the circle. He replied that he would do the best he could, but would not slight the rest.

We asked him how he produced the voice he heard, and he answered promptly:

"I materialize the organs of speech, take the form in my hand, and speak through it."

While he was speaking, the medium and her husband were talking to those about them, as if in the family circle; hence the supposition that either of them produced the sound was unfounded.

We asked him if he would tell us what we held in our hand, and he said he would. What did we hold in our hand?

"We've got a book on your lap and a pencil of course."

"Where is the pencil?" putting it immediately in our mouth and saving nothing in our hand.

"The pencil is in your mouth now."

This frustrated any design we might have had to deceive Jimmy, completely. We dropped our pencil on the floor and Jimmy volunteered to find it. The trumpet came sweeping or skip-around our feet, looking for the pencil, when we excused him from further search.

Question after question, with prompt appropriate answers were given. We regret that we could not have taken time to do so in the dark. When we asked if he could read what we had written the voice said he could not. After the lights were brought in, it did not surprise us, as we were unable to read it ourselves, having written over the lines repeatedly in the dark.

The question was asked, what number of spirits comprised the circle. He answered: "About 150 come regularly, besides many other strangers."

He was asked to describe the appearance of the spiritual circle, and replied:

"I see above you the faces of a row of young children, between the ages of two and five years; they are peering out from a white ether cloud, and over their heads is a wreath of beautiful rosebuds, surrounding these words, in gold letters on white satin 'Of such are the kingdom of heaven.'"

These are almost the exact words given, but the manner of the description was something more beautiful and impressive than we can describe, and when one of the circle and solemnly, "Ye, thank God, of such are the kingdom of heaven," within ourselves, whether real or unreal, we echoed with awe the beautiful sentiment. There was no room for scoffing. The description was such as might impress the imagination, and cause that strange principle of our humanity—the spiritual—to look out through material eyes, and see in the black wall of perfect darkness the halo of that possible cloud, with its pure child faces beaming out under the golden words that were spoken two thousand years ago. "Of such are the kingdom of heaven."

knew you in the army," and then described him.

We remembered young Stockwell, with whom we had but a slight acquaintance, but who, when wounded to death on the bloody field of Resaca, Ga., in the summer of 1864, we helped carry away from the thundering guns. Whether this was of a convincing nature, we leave others to judge.

When told that we were a newspaper man, and that the Commercial had published an unprejudiced article on spiritual manifestations, and that he must be very particular to answer our questions, Jimmy brought his trumpet near to us, and candidly replied:

"I am glad of it. We like everybody to treat us fair, and you know we must be polite to these newspaper men." This candid confession elicited laughter all around the circle. Then came low whispers to several persons of little children, who talked to their fathers or mothers in tender words, telling them how they felt, how happy was their life, and giving kind, comforting, encouraging words of hope. How it affected those who were believers our readers can imagine, and we need not dilate upon it. Children talked to their parents and friends of childhood come back, and severing the invisible boundary that keeps in the great mysterious other world, spoke cheering words.

We here asked permission of the lady and her husband to sit beside the medium, to satisfy our senses that she at least had no part in the manifestations. They both readily assented it, and said permission must be had from Jimmy.

We asked the accommodating spirit, and explained our object in making the request. He said:

"I have no objections; but to convince you still further, I would rather you would wait until the circle is broken, when, with only 'Cap' and the medium in the room, you can take their hands and sit beside them, and I will talk to you."

We agreed to this and thanked the spirit for his courtesy. After the circle was broken up, we were seated as directed, but, beyond the trumpet falling over, having got no further manifestations, Jimmy could feel to answer to time. Jimmy desired music, and after it was given, volunteered to give the "Feed call of the bugle in the army." Those who are familiar with army life, will remember the manner in which soldiers rendered this call, and the comical words they set to the music. Accordingly, when quiet was restored, Jimmy took up his trumpet, and skipped around the entire circle, singing the call through the trumpet as it went.

After a long time, the ruling spirit of the circle, who is known as "Claude," an Italian, a cultivated gentleman who died 60 years ago, said he made an invocation, if anything, surpassing in beauty sentiment and philosophy the one we listened to in the early part of the evening. He answered promptly, with choice and dignified language, questions on every subject; described the progress of the spirit after it left its material frame, and gave us the motto of the Spirit World, "progression and perfection."

When had men died, their spirits reside in a lower sphere, where, under the instruction of other spirits, they in time reached up into higher and brighter spheres with other spirits, and thus forever the principle of progression and perfection were forward. When asked if they knew such a thing as time, and whether they looked forward to a death or life, Claude replied:

"We know no such thing as death. All this life is one of beauty and brightness. Complete and supreme happiness is ever ours. We go forward through the work of the revered Creator, for all time until we reach him awaiting the pure and perfect; where in his presence only sunlight and supreme happiness await us. Those who have died thousands of years ago are far above us. Intellect takes no more rank than the humblest mind, if in life it was prostituted to bad purposes. All must come up purified by degrees. The good and pure mount upward to the sphere like spirits."

On being asked what course the spirit took on leaving the body, and if it was received by any one, he replied:

"In my invocation I told you that on the other side of the dark river of death, spirits in robes of white, stood waiting with outstretched arms to greet those loved on earth, and welcomed them with songs and kind words, and escorted them to their homes. I thank the great Creator that we are permitted through these agencies to manifest ourselves and show to mortals the truth and beauty of eternal life, to undeceive the skeptic and convince him of the immortality of the soul. As the soul comes after the mortal frame perishes and the spirit is freed to ascend to the true and only beautiful and perfect life."

These were nearly the words given in reply to the questions. Many others of a similar nature were given. After 11 o'clock the voice said:

"And now, as the hour is late, I will pronounce a benediction and close."

Some person pronounced another question, and received the dignified reply:

"I said the hour is late and I must leave you, and will now pronounce the benediction," which he did, solemnly and impressively, in the most faultless language. This ended the seance, and the spectators returned, impressed, respectively as they believed, with the very peculiar and wonderful manifestations of an unseen power. We leave our readers to form their own opinions.

Two gangs of Chinamen are at work at North Adams, Mass., learning to bottom shovels.

Attorney Gen. Hoar has resigned, and Ames T. Ackerman, of Georgia, has been appointed as his successor.

Writes for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ESTRANGEMENT.

A COMPANION TO

Magdalena.

By the Author of "Mido"—"The Mad Actress"—
"The White Slave"—"The Spectre Rider"—
"The Rival," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

To effect his release from custody,--concocted Guilford Crafton less complexity than the fact of losing the peculiar services and their pecuniary profit, of so valuable a treasure as Elsie Charlton. The more he reflected on the fact of her escape from his grasp, the more exasperated he became, until with mortification and chagrin, he could have torn his hair from his head,--punished himself. Since he had lost charge of the little church in Pennsylvania, and gained a superficial mastery of the philosophy of Spiritualism,--he has by diet of assurance and a fascinating address, managed to convert to his individual advantage, the public services of a number of excellent mediums. A course of medical reading, and a few dollars for a diploma, has given him the moral authority of a physician, and the more he has also possessed the useful gift, as he would be thought, of healing,--and he was often prompted from the pecuniary "pains" to relieve distress. Yet he would heal the sick, but it must "pay" handsomely. To remove disease from the sick,--from motives of humanity, out of pure love for mankind, was all well enough,--very pretty indeed to talk about. But with the Rev. Guilford Crafton, M. D., business was business, and in it, friendship should not be known. He had bargained, and broke with a number of mediums, but the loss of the services of none of them, annoyed him as much as his failure to bend Elsie to his gross and wicked wishes. With others in Philadelphia, he had consented to give public as well as private sittings, under his management, on the surplus proceeds of which, chairman Crafton, M. D., was enabled to clothe himself nicely, and to fare, if not sumptuously, at least very comfortably every day,--he was so very disinterested, liberal and human in manipulating the reward of others labor. But unwilling to endure his exertion any longer, Elsie revolted and fled to New York, where, as we have seen, he followed and afflicted her until breaking away again from his treacherous and vicious influence, she is at last fully free.

We can scarcely allow this opportunity,--undisputedly reached, to pass without dropping a word of sympathy in behalf of many,--alas, too many of our mediums, who being unfortunately poor in the comforts,--too often, the necessities of life, have in a unpropitious moment, unwittingly consented to accept the business control of some insinuating and presuming male biped, who unsuccessful as a practitioner in drugs, law, "divinity," or any other calling, has proposed to him not only to be, but also in the field of spiritual reform, the means and bases of pretense. We have been made exceedingly happy to note of late, we think, a decided improvement in this regard. Our leading liberal papers are opening their columns more freely,--even eagerly to the expression of sympathy and aid for all worthy mediums, and the cause of spiritual reform,--no matter how well they may be heralded or effectually patronized within the pompous self-assumed armor of professional titles. The day is not distant when all such pecuniary schemes will no longer be able to give even reformers and mediums a living. They will be effectually shuffed, thrown off, like all other efforts matter still clinging to the reform missionary body, and too frequently checking their ameliorating progress.

Look up, then, O ye sensitive souls, ministering angels to suffering mortals,--too often, look to the spheres from whence, cometh your strength. Dejected, discouraged you often have been; cast down, but O, bless ye, the angel influences, not destroyed. The angels have charge of thee, and "are they not all ministering spirits?" In their hands shall they bear thee up. Ye shall not be utterly cast down, but ye shall yet be led graciously into green pastures,--plenty, and beside life's most refreshing waters. Yes, the world and all its faithful workers are on the eve of the deepest and most wide spread baptism of spirit power, pleasure, and of rejoicing the race has never known.

Yes, ye sometimes think that a spirit,--aye, many like that influenced and guided the gentle Jesus in all his thoughts, words and deeds, will yet move through our streets, alleys and lanes of sin,--sickness and distress, performing acts of benevolence, healing and relief, even greater than could be performed in the past. Aye,--days of less spirit influx than the present,--aye, through all our avenues of business will these angel ministers show their smiling faces so bright and benign, that men will soon forget to practice deceit and defraud their neighbor, and realizing that we are all brethren, shall love and practice the truth with the same fervor. Why, yes, we sometimes think that the bright conditions in the history of our race, a dazzling epoch adown the long avenue of prophecy, the ancients in moments of spirit exaltation have received happy glimpses of, will yet be realized in harmonious splendor, far greater than the Jewish prophets and kings ever dreamed of. Their brightest visions of the races exaltation and joy, will all be realized in one harmonious wave of glory and of peace that shall cover the improved, refined and fruitful earth, as now the waters cover the globe. Not only will the spirit pictures of our loved ones, and our angel guides, smile from our walls as numerously and common as our paintings of to-day,--but we shall also have their companionship visible at all times desired,--walking and conversing along our avenues, as friend with friend, face to face. Such, indeed, if our philosophy be not false, is in the natural and necessary course of events,--"manifest destiny,"--rough, use it as we may. The media of tropes, types, and all the symbolism by material things are necessarily weak and deficient, and fall far short of conveying even a shadow of the height and depth, the length and breadth of the vision of the eternal bliss, solid comfort and real abiding joy that is to be revealed to actual possession of the human race. It is that happy condition that eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor its full conception ever yet entered into the heart of the highest type of man in our visions by night, and during our waking days, we see much that gives ample promise of such a happy era in the progress of the race. For, as we contrast the grand achievements of man to-day, with the inferior state of his insignificant beginning,--tracing his course back through the ages of darkness, back to the single cell of the tiny spore, we may well ask in the immortal name of progress, what may be not accomplish? What a mighty sweep of existence placing the very farthest borders of the angel world,--and O, ye noble mediums, too soon discarded,--ye have, in this day, by pointing back to a single spore as the hope of the race, that every medium who conveys the hopeful message, which reveals to man the cheering fact of an endless life, is a savior and a mediator, and in assisting others, shall most effectively bless himself. But we must resume the thread of our story.

CHAPTER VII.

Although from the sweet sympathy of Marian's association, the free and confiding candor of her angel-like nature, there could exist not the slightest cause. Yet already lady Emilie experienced in certain silent and selfish mental twinges, regret that she had been so easily tripped upon to admit her into the shelter of the seamy side of the Somerville home. And now here was another, an entire stranger, whom she had consented through the persuasion of Marian and George, to form an addition to her household. It was too much she thought, an imposition upon to admit her into the shelter of one who in truth experienced but little, if any sympathy or pleasure in the phenomena and revelations of Spiritualism. True, she tolerated her husband's faith in them. But even this had proven a source of much annoyance, pique and regret to her. And often in her nervous mood, verging on to jealousy, she censured herself sharply, that she had shown herself so weak as to allow the "ism" to cross her threshold at all. She now could not understand how she could act so foolish, and here to late prompted by the importunate importunities of her husband, she was to admit to her the presence of a man, an act noble in itself, but she had unwittingly admitted into her house, another one of those hateful "mediums" of questionable character,--why was it? To have answered lady Emilie that she herself was a medium, even though unconscious of it, we suppose would have thrown her into a painful fit of hysterics, or at least insured us a hasty exit from her enraged presence. Yet was not such the fact,--and well, it doubtless is for those whose development requires the virtuous testing experience, that there are many such in this world.

Some evenings subsequent to the exposure of the fact of the stranger, Elsie being so susceptible a medium, without the least previous arrangement, they were gradually assembled in the parlors of the Somerville House.

Lizzie with several associates were among themselves and practicing on the melodious Somerville lady Emilie and Marian were intent upon a picture bearing in beautiful shading and outline, the spirit form of Amy, once the wife of Darlington Ronaldson. He had brought it that evening for their inspection. Elsie's admiration of the subtle and beautiful art, that could thus return and preserve to us so little of all their peculiarities and beauty, the spirit face and form of our loved ones, was exacting, absorbing, and at length, after reluctantly resigning the picture into Marian's hands, she turned and sat down much convulsed, with an approaching influence. The music ceased, and the eyes soon turned to toward Elsie, who seemed to strive with much resistance against the control coming over her. At length, though becoming comparatively calm, she said softly, "Albert."

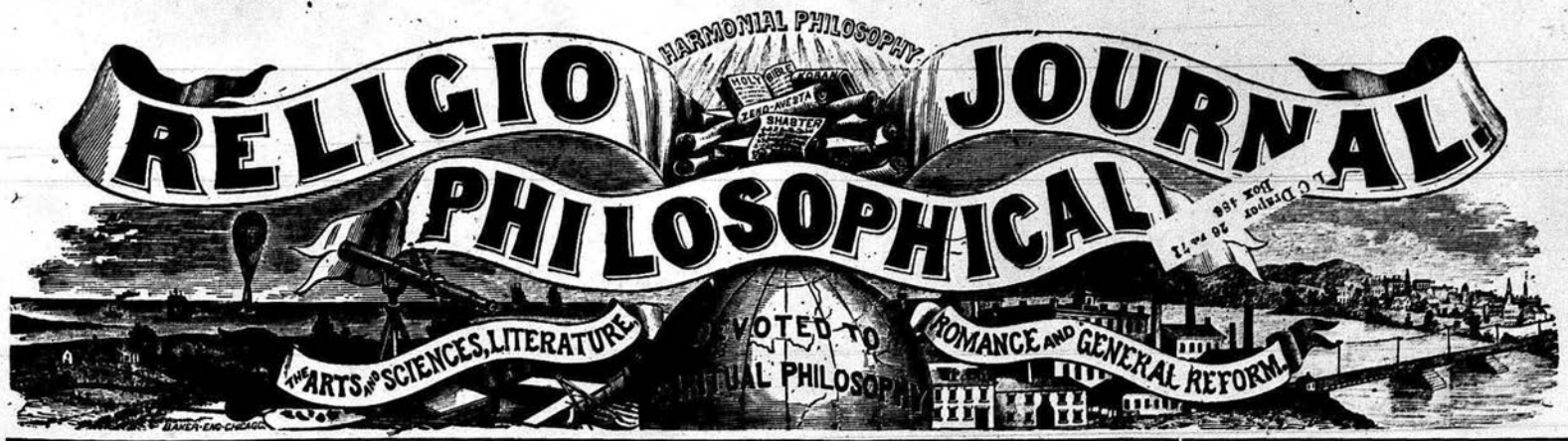
Ronaldson immediately approached, and as the medium extended her hand, he gently clasped it, saying, "Is this Amy?"

The medium rising, and dropping his hand, turned to Marian and said, "This is Amy." With a sweet smile on his picture, still in her hand,--pointing, said, "This is Amy." Then turning and drawing him toward the picture, and clasping his hand again, she continued:

"Albert, you have made me very happy, that at last you have succeeded in obtaining so true a likeness of me, who once was so often in your hands,--and I say,--may, I should have said, who still loves to be, and is always near you. I know, Albert, the noble impulses of your nature. I have witnessed your late acts of ever self-sacrificing friendship, and have felt like you to move, an instant, and your thoughts are pearl-rills through the happy rivulets of my rejoicing. And though I would say pursue thus, your human career to the end, and though I shall continue to be with you to comfort and cheer,--yet, Albert, I see,--I feel,--I feel your voice changed to a subdued whisper, 'Oh, there a little to move, an instant, and your thoughts are pearl-rills through the happy rivulets of my rejoicing. 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This micrograph shows a cross-section of a biological specimen, likely a plant stem or root. The central vascular cylinder is visible, surrounded by cortical cells. The image is in black and white, showing cellular details.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Chicago, Illinois.
Room 16, Lombard Block, Monroe street, adjoining Post
Office Building.



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Truth wants no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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CHICAGO, JULY 9, 1870.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 16.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SOCIETY.

Report of the Fourth Ann. Mtg. of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists, held at Harwood Hall, Philadelphia, June 21st 1870.

The call was read by Miss C. A. Grimes. The President, Dr. Henry T. Child, said: Friends, in coming together at this our fourth annual meeting, we may congratulate each other on the steady and onward progress of our cause.

I speak on behalf of myself and the other missionaries when I declare that never before has there been so much honest, earnest and determined inquiry among the people in regard to the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism.

Our meetings throughout the State have been well attended and we have great encouragement to persevere in the good work.

One of the great obstacles which our lecturers and mediums encounter in going into strange neighborhoods, is to find individuals who are willing to aid them in getting up meetings.

We have been seeking for some years past to obtain the names of individuals in various sections of this State, who are sufficiently interested in this cause to co-operate with us in distributing documents and especially to aid the missionaries when they come into their localities.

While we are thus encouraged in the labors of the past year, let us resolve to double our diligence, and labor more earnestly for the good cause.

On motion of Dr. Rhodes, the following were appointed:

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.
J. H. Rhodes, A. Mary Wise, Eliza L. Ashburner.

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.
H. T. Child, M. D., Mary Beane, Ebenezer Hance.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.
S. Minnie Shumway, Mrs. Sanborn, Clayton B. Rogers.

The meeting then took a recess of fifteen minutes, after which the Committee on Business reported the following order for the afternoon: Reading of the Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

Report of Committee on Nominations, and on Resolutions and Conference: Evening session addressed by Jacob L. Parsons, Wm. Colman, Miss A. Kramberger, and Dr. H. T. Child.

The report was accepted and adopted. The Secretary then read the following: Fourth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists for the year ending June 1, 1870.

The irrevocable motion on the dial-plate of time, that marks the passage of the teeming future into the rolling past, shows us that another year has rolled away, and we pause for a moment to record some of the passing events connected with our association and its grand object, the unfolding of the spiritual in man's nature, to a better comprehension of himself and his destiny.

We are renewing conscious that our State, with its four millions of inhabitants, presents a vast field for labor. From the reports of our missionaries, we learn that there is a very general desire to hear the truth which is in our aim to present. In the churches and out of them, a very large mass of the community are inquiring earnestly, "What may be known of a future life? Do our loved ones live beyond the grave? Can they return and give us the evidence of this?"

A call for lectures has come from various parts of the State, and especially is there a demand for test mediums and for the phenomenal phases of our philosophy, which forms the basis upon which it rests.

It is a matter of regret that our means are so limited as to compel us to confine our labors almost entirely to the two missionaries who have been engaged during the past year.

The few local societies in our State are doing a good work, but we think they could do more, if they were all auxiliary to the State Society, so far as to report to it, in regard to their proceedings, and to co-operate with our missionaries in their localities.

We trust our friends will enter more fully upon this work, and wherever there are a few earnest and determined individuals awakened to a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy, they will unite in the form of local committees or societies for the purpose of co-operating with us in

the great work of enlightening the people. Our cause is progressing everywhere, and many earnest and honest investigators are at work.

The development of new mediums all over the land, has supplied a demand which has been felt.

In Philadelphia and other cities, public and private circles and test mediums are doing a great work, and thousands of persons are being thus awakened to an interest in our cause.

The united action of public and private mediums with our lecturers, and the dissemination of publications, are the means which we use in conjunction with the Spirit World for the accomplishment of this work.

One of the chief obstacles to the extension of our labors, is the want of funds, which would enable us to employ other mediums and missionaries.

By the reports of Mrs. Hannah T. Stearns, it appears that she has given one hundred and twenty-five lectures during the past year. She has addressed about ten thousand five hundred persons. Her collected at her meetings, \$292.19, and from members, \$16.

Dr. H. T. Child has labored mainly in the vicinity of Philadelphia. He has given sixty-three lectures to about eleven thousand persons. His collected at his meetings, \$185.96, and from members of this society, \$8.

Dr. Rhodes, chairman of the committee on Public Circles reports that they have held seventy-four of these during the past year, at which there were about five thousand five hundred persons. The receipts were \$121.22.

J. O. Fish was engaged during the month of November, and gave the lecture to three hundred and eighty persons. He collected at meetings, \$1,011.11; from members, \$136. Total receipts, \$1,147.11.

The expenditures have been for advertisement, rent of hall, compensation of lecturers and mediums \$1,163.14. Leaving a balance in treasury of \$114.97.

We have distributed several thousand copies of papers and documents on the subject of Spiritualism, most of which have been donated by our members.

The total number of persons at our meetings during the year as reported was about twenty-eight thousand five hundred.

The report was accepted.

The committee on nominations reported as follows: President, Clementina G. John, Philadelphia; Vice Presidents, Wm. H. Child, Harrisburg, and Jesse Weber, Hummelville; Secretary, Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Rice street, Philadelphia; Treasurer, Clayton B. Rogers, 333 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
James M. Shumway, S. Minnie Shumway, Philadelphia; Charles Holt, M. D., Warren, Pa.; N. J. Child, Pittsburgh; John T. Kapp, Lehigh; William L. Levan, Reading; Lydia A. Schofield, Philadelphia; Dr. C. L. Clemmer, Brownsville; Anna Lowry, Philadelphia; Dr. Adeo Monroe, Chester; Watson Kenderdine, Lumberton; Eliza L. Ashburner, Philadelphia; Miss E. T. Johnson, Tingo; John S. Iest, Spokane; E. M. Child, Philadelphia; Elizabeth D. Child, Philadelphia; Ebenezer Hance, Fallington; Joseph John, Philadelphia; Isaac P. Walton, Tyrone.

On motion the report was accepted and the persons therein named elected for the ensuing year.

There never has been a time when our cause has been in a more prosperous condition. Many of the older Spiritualists have withdrawn from active labors, but there are constant accessions of new workers, and the leaves of Spiritualism are spreading in every department of society.

Spiritualists are learning that in order to command respect, they must respect themselves, and we are assuming a position before the world as indicated by the press and public sentiment which is more just than we have formerly had.

We enter upon the labors of another year full of hope and confidence knowing that in all well directed efforts for the spread of our glorious gospel, we shall have the hearty and earnest co-operation of the angel world.

The committee on resolutions presented the following: 1st. Resolved, That the Board be requested to correspond with different local societies in the State, and request them to become auxiliary to this society, so far as at least as to make annual reports, and to aid our missionaries in their labors.

Dr. H. T. Child said there were a considerable number of societies in this State that were entirely isolated from each other, and all that is needed in this matter is to present the subject to them in a proper manner, so that they may see the importance of this general co-operation, and realize that the object of the State Society was not to exercise any supervision, much less control over more isolated societies, but simply to co-operate and unite all in one grand effort for the diffusion of knowledge.

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deeper feeling of devotion than prevailed and was manifested by some present. I could feel going up from them a desire for spiritual growth, and religious devotion. It is not the manner in which we express our faith, but the depth of feeling that stirs our souls and that finds a corresponding feeling within our breasts. We should learn that the manner in which an individual expresses himself, is probably the best he can use. I can truly say that I have no controversy with any individual who allows me the privilege of worshipping as I please. I will allow him the same. I know there are some of the spiritualists who accept the idea of communicating with spirits. It is true they have their own ideas about it. They do not think these are coming around us to speak to us, but they feel that their loved ones were mighty. When you tell them that their spirit friends are doing this, they may not accept the idea. I am willing to accept the religious sentiment that comes welling up from my brother's heart, it matters not in what form it comes.

If we would have a wide circle of friendship among the human family, we must recognize in them the same right to worship God, according to the dictates of their own consciences, that we claim for ourselves. It is the broad principle of divinity that Christ manifested. It is the broad Catholic principle of Spiritualism, if I understand it.

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their devotion to science. I ask them what science rests upon? They observe, phenomena, and by a continued and protracted observation of these phenomena under certain rules, certain results are produced, and thus they find out the law.

I tell them that they have not a thousandth part of the evidence to sustain their theories that Spiritualists furnish. They admit the phenomena of Spiritualism, that very strange things occur. They believe in the manifestations, but it is not spiritual because they have never seen a spirit.

I say to them, you believe in the atomic theory. Did you ever see an atom? Did you ever see any body that has ever seen one? Do you expect any body ever will see one? They answer no. Then, why do you believe in the atomic theory? Because it serves to explain a great variety of physical phenomena, but the theory brings them into harmony.

I say the same thing is true of Spiritualism. When any certain phenomena occur, you will have a theory in regard to them, so that they will harmonize together. Upon your own principles you admit the atomic theory, because it makes those phenomena hang together like pearls. Do the same things in regard to Spiritualism, and it will be full of brightness and glory.

I should say a few years ago that they saw that the physical manifestations were not to continue much longer. I knew that those who had not met with these, as well as many who had, would conclude there was little or nothing in them if they ceased, and today when we find so many opportunities all around us, to sustain us in the statements that such things occur, I feel that we have cause to rejoice that our spirit friends can and do so fully endorse our statements, and I most cordially approve of this resolution, and am glad to believe it is true, and that the manifestations are more numerous and so much more abundant and appreciated than they were before.

Jacob L. Parsons said: "I have no fear that these phenomena will cease, as they are among the most important means of educating the human mind."

Have all the members of the human family accepted the philosophy of Spiritualism? If not, by what means can we reach those who have not? I should say a few years ago that they saw that the physical manifestations were not to continue much longer. I knew that those who had not met with these, as well as many who had, would conclude there was little or nothing in them if they ceased, and today when we find so many opportunities all around us, to sustain us in the statements that such things occur, I feel that we have cause to rejoice that our spirit friends can and do so fully endorse our statements, and I most cordially approve of this resolution, and am glad to believe it is true, and that the manifestations are more numerous and so much more abundant and appreciated than they were before.

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about you give your name? Will other correspondents take notice, and always be careful and give their full address.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ESTRANGEMENT.

A COMPANION TO

Magdalena.

By the Author of "Medea"—"The Mad Actress"—
"The White Slave"—"The Spectre Rider"—"The
Rivals," etc.

(Chapter seventh continued.)

"I am happy to know it, Louise, I had feared the worst. But now I will try and conclude my confession. One morning there appeared in one of the daily papers the following announcement:

"Mysterious disappearance. A young girl named Anna Gardner, aged fifteen, left her home on the 13th inst., and has not been seen since. She has now been absent seven days. Any information relative to her whereabouts, left with her sorrowing parents, will be thankfully received and rewarded, at No. 309—Street."

This was continued in the Journal for two weeks, after that we saw it no more.

"But, Louise, I knew of the missing one's whereabouts full well, and do confess it, the knowledge tortured me. I had, like another Judas, received a price, the price of innocence, and so keen did remorse prey upon me that more than once I had started to my feet, to inform her parents of her place of concealment. Then the thought of implicating and exposing myself in the act deterred me, and I bit my tongue. I would use all my endeavors to move Mendez to pity, and so gain her release. But, he proved adamant to all my appeals, and he argued that her liberty at so late a time, would ensure our confinement in the penitentiary, perhaps for life. But leave her, he said, 'I have a more safe and quiet way by which to dispose of her.'"

"Mendez, you would not take the life of that poor creature," I cried, astonished at his peculiar intimation.

"Hush, woman," he hissed.

"Be not so cruel, Mendez, as that. Let the girl have her freedom again."

He seemed to quail before my earnestness, and in a hurried manner, said:

"Yes, yes, she shall."

He hesitated, I became excited to frenzy, and cried:

"Shall live, Mendez, shall live—and mark me, sir—mark, harm a hair of her head, and I will turn evidence against you. I have assisted you to secure her, I know, but regretting now the part I have acted with you, I will not succumb further. I'll expose you."

"And implicate yourself," he sneered.

"Yes, it needs be, to save her from so inhuman a monster, I will even implicate myself."

Vehement and firm, I saw that he feared me, and at last realized the humiliating fact of how much he was within my power. "Mendez," said I, "release that girl, and add no more sin to an already heinous one."

"If I will not," said he, suddenly changing. "But I will report you, Leonella."

"He left me, and as he did so, I detected the lurking demon in his eye, which spoke to my soul more plainly than words, that this Monk's deep intent was to poison Anna Gardner. I sat down, and hastily penned a few lines to the address indicated in the card, telling them for the sake of all that is precious in life, if they desired to see their child alive, to haste at once to the ground chamber of the church of St. M."

This dispatched, I prepared to leave immediately, and reached the entrance only a few days later, when the case terminated, I never learned, but fear me that the afflicted monk accomplished his fiendish purpose, and made good from there his escape. But I heard again of him in Baltimore. In a Journal of that city, the following appeared one morning:

"Great excitement in St. M. A priest stabbed the murderer's wife, now expected to recover! Yesterday morning our city was thrown into excitement and terror, upon the discovery in old town of the Romish priest, known as the 'Monk.' Stabbed to the heart, lying dead in the chamber of Mr. Edward Duval, an estimable citizen of this place—late from Louisiana, and whose wife was found by the side of the Monk bleeding, but not yet dead, though life is so far extinct as we can speak. The facts in this tragedy, as far as we can ascertain, are these. Mrs. Duval, contrary to her husband's wishes, was a regular attendant at church services, and a member of the church, though he never objected to her choice of faith until within a few months, because he has lately on several occasions come upon his wife at her home, in suspicious intimacy with the priest. It is possible that the long known story about the licentiousness of the Romish priesthood, has not been so fatal to the fame of Jesus, already enkindled, and it is presumed that he came home on the night of the murder unexpectedly, for his wife had supposed him out of the city, and finding again the confessor with her, he rushed on them, stabbed them and fled, no one knows whether, as he has not been seen since."

"You must allow that my memory is good, Louise, for I have been here now more than a year, and I am quite confident I have given you the correct version of the scandalous affair, precisely as it occurred. And now, Louise, hoping the recital of our busy experience has not been so much tedious to your friendly listeners here, we must wish them a very, good night."

CHAPTER VIII.

Lizzie Harlan's company had bidden her adieu for the evening, and she the sweet sleeper had retired. Remorseful after chatting a little longer with George, and cordial leave of them, she was dropping a word of encouragement to Elsie, the medium, pressed Marian's hand gently, and wishing all pleasant dreams, smilingly took his departure for his room in the upper part of the city. Marian and Elsie retired together, and last of all, St. Merville and lady entered their chamber. Dropping in an easy chair, George lightly inquired:

"Emilly, what do you think of our entertainment to-night? Is it not wonderful?"

Sitting near the bed-side, lady Emilly replied:

"Well, George, I am more and more astonished at you giving so much credence to these silly things. To me they are worse than silly, they are scandalous, and I wish no more such wretchedly vile stuff spoken in my presence."

"Emilly, George attempted to condescend."

"My mind is made up, George, I will tolerate no more of such nonsense in the house where I am a mistress. A 'Wonderful' moment, George, I am ashamed of you. You are getting completely beside yourself—absolutely crazy. Why you are no more the man you was a few years ago, than I am like Hercules. You smile, but to me the wonder that you can achieve no greater success in your business, and you are giving so much attention to the 'lost' mediums, and the frauds, is how wonderful that these vain babblers of 'spirit' mediums."

"Emilly, you are severe, and in your criticism and conclusions, not a little unjust, I fear, Marian."

"I can not be unjust. I have suffered neglect by your silly credence in such 'perceptions' and

'mutterings,' as the Bible calls them, already too long,—nor am I mistaken. Of late your business has fallen off at your own admission,—more than one half. Your business has suffered, and you suffer in consequence. The strange intimation which has taken possession of you in regard to these so called marvelous manifestations,—and now I think it is quite time there was a change for the better with you. Stop your investigations before you are wrecked, your business ruined, and your family scattered from you."

"Now, Emilly, pray do be reasonable. My attention to the teachings of the spiritual philosophy, has not, believe me, detracted in the least from my business. True, my affairs are not as prosperous as I could wish, nor as they were formerly, but this is occasioned by the general and common cause,—the political and financial derangement that is felt throughout the commercial community. And then, as to my social indifference which you hint at, Emilly, heaven knows it is not from choice. The great want of my nature is in the social circle, and I have felt the need more, a hundred fold, through my business embarrassments than ever before. And, Emilly, angels are my witnesses when I say that so far from an abiding faith in the fact of spirit communion, distracting my attention, and distracting me for business, it is the best business philosophy that I have known, and I use it to my monetary trials and perplexities, and preventing me slothful, has proven to me the sure anchor, though often times in deep waters that has held me secure."

"You are enthusiastic, George,—yet I think you are mistaken, though I know faith in such an idea, would have great control over the mind,—yet I am not satisfied that such manifestations and influences shall be exhibited in our house again,—and so to Marian,—well, I think now I can get along very well without her, at any rate, Elsie, I shall leave. Little did I dream when I opened my eyes to the fact of admitting such a character as she evidently has been. Gracious, how easily we can be deceived."

"Indeed, Emilly, you are too severe, I think. I have not seen the smallest indication in poor Elsie, of any other than the strictest propriety, and Marian, her character is irreproachable. As to dispensing with her services, I think you are not prepared to do so yet. Still of that you must, as you will, use your own judgment. But in all our intercourse with our fellows, Emilly, let us act to the noble sentiment of the immortal Cicero: 'Charity for all, with malice toward none.'"

"Ah, George, I could wish you were not so gently here. You have altogether too much charity for the so called unfortunates,—these 'free love' mediums." It is said, 'charity covereth a multitude of sins,' and I think it really does, when practiced towards them. Besides, it leads you into expense and trouble. Your charity is too often misplaced, and you are blind to their manifold faults."

"Yet, my dear, if I err, I prefer to err on the side of charity. 'Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice'—is excellent advice. Besides, 'charity thinketh no evil.'"

To be continued.

"Revelations Not a Sealed Book."

"The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him . . . which must shortly come to pass."—Rev. 1st Chap. 1st verse.

If Bible students can assert a revelation to be a sealed book, is more than I can understand. And if it is sealed, how can it be said:

"Blessed is he that readeth and they that understand the words of this prophet, and keep those things which are written therein."

If it is sealed, how could it prove a blessing to those who read it, or to those who hear it, and how could any one keep the words of the prophecy or the things written therein?

In the 10th verse John is commanded to write of the things which he had seen. Christ had just shown him his glorified personage with his divine attributes, and the position that he occupied in the midst of the churches,—symbolized by seven golden candlesticks, in the midst of which he stood,—also his controlling power over the Eiders or Angels of the Seven Churches,—symbolizing this to John by the seven stars he held in his right hand. John has given us a full description of his divine personage, (which he saw), and also of his divine attributes, and his position in the churches. The elders of the churches bring in his right hand, signifies that he will bring them to an account for the doctrines they teach and the principles they follow.

He is also commanded to write the things that he saw, and he has given us a full and faithful account of things as they were in the churches at that time, showing the most of them to be in a backslidden state, and had already imbibed false doctrine and allowed unholy principles in the churches, for which cause they were threatened with removal except they repented; that is, he would not acknowledge them to be his church, because they lacked repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

He was also commanded to write the things that shall be hereafter. After showing John the condition of the churches, he proceeds to unfold to his vision the changing scenes and events that would transpire on earth, among men, and symbolized it to him with hieroglyphics. He has employed the names of earthly to symbolize spiritual, moral and physical things.

The crashing thunder, the glaring lightning, the mountain, the broad river, the mighty sea, the scorpion, fire, sea, and wormwood,—all these, and many more, are used to symbolize some spiritual, moral or physical condition.

Beasts of the most unusual physical structure, and of the most singular combinations of character, are used to symbolize the mingled condition of religion and politics.

It is needless here to mention all the hieroglyphics used,—enough has already been mentioned to give the reader of this article a full idea of the balance of them.

These things John was commanded to write in a book and send it unto the Seven Churches in Asia. He wrote in a language they understood, and he commanded them to read it, and he acquainted, still we find the clergy of the present day, with all their literary attainments, have not acquired a knowledge of those hieroglyphical representations. And so the words of the Prophet Isaiah are fulfilled, and the vision of all is become unto you as words of a book that is sealed, which none can deliver to one that is learned, saying:

"Read this, I pray thee."

And he said, "I cannot, for it is sealed."

"Therefore, behold I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people; even a marvelous work and a wonder, for the wisdom of their wisdom shall be made foolish. When it shall unfold the truth of the Gospel, God will proceed to give understanding to those who are holy and believe his word."—Isaiah xlii. 14.

In this our day, God is making known the mysterious book which has long lain hid, and which none can deliver to one that is learned, saying:

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presented to John to write unto the Churches that they might be instructed.

He has shown us, through the hieroglyphical symbol of the Seven Churches of Asia, the declining state of Christianity among mankind. The Laodiceans were mentioned last, showing the entire want of godliness, or the absence of every Christian grace, even the desire of it. So he said to them: "I will sweep thee out of my mouth," because they boastfully declared they had need of nothing.

Such is the condition of the organic bodies, that take the name of Christians, for they say we are increased in goods; that is, we have the written word. The canons of the Scriptures are full. We have collected all the learned commentators on the Scriptures, we have a learned ministry, we are great in numbers, and religion has become quite popular. We therefore have all we need. As for the special gift of the Holy Ghost, we do not believe it to be necessary now in our day.

Thus by their unbelief they have closed the door against Christ.

After showing the Laodiceans their detestable condition, he said to them: "Be zealous, and repent." And in the 20th verse he says:

"Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

The people of this day have, like the Laodiceans, closed the door, feeling they have need of nothing; that is, they have no need of vision, dream nor revelation,—denying the necessity of it.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Origin or Question of the First Cause of existence.

BY W. S. HILL.

There can have been no such state or condition as the origin, or first cause of mind and matter. To admit such a condition as a possible fact, would admit their having had a beginning which would admit one end of their existence, and it is a settled axiom that if one end of anything is shown or proved, it proves also as a matter of logical necessity that there is another, or will be, of the same thing. We have not, and cannot have any knowledge of the beginning of mind and matter, or either of them, and of course cannot be prepared to assert that there is either a beginning or end to either of them.

It is philosophically asserted that matter is indestructible and cannot be annihilated.

It is known by history as well as by geology, that mind and matter were in existence, and at work long before the date of the scriptural account of creation. So there is no beginning, for any pretence that there was any "beginning," for an end, in that direction. The endless duration of time is a god-given revelation of itself. It must be cut in two, in any end to measure it, or to answer affirmatively whether there ever was a time in which there was no time; or that there ever will be a time when there will be no time.

The endless line of events which happens in time, must be severed in its course in some way, in order to discover any way to begin the measurement or computation of its whole duration. There is no power that can do that. If it could be done, it would detract the Almighty, and put an end to all existence. So time will continue its even, uniform, steady course, neither faster nor slower, unimpeded, regardless of whatever cyclical in nature may happen in the atmosphere, the earth, the planets, or in the boundless universe. Its still, noiseless, course is one of its qualities or undivisible mysteries. There are some points of comparison in time and space.

If time is never to end, and space to remain boundless, will there not be ample time and space for the spirits of all beings that may ever be called into existence, without intruding upon the domains of the damned in their never-ending condition, without disturbing the order and doings with them, of his Heavenly Majesty?

Whatever may be represented as being, or as having been the original or first cause of anything, must for that reason be devoid of individuality.

Infinity,—having neither a beginning nor end. Anything that had, or has a first cause, cannot be infinite,—simply because it had a beginning, and whatever has a beginning must not surely have an end. How is it, with regard to what is usually called the attributes of Deity?

He is believed to be infinite in the attributes of knowledge, power, wisdom, just as an infinity of things. If so, must not the exercise of those attributes be infinite also, or can he act in a finite character? or must he not act infinitely in its effects, in the true nature of those attributes? And must they not always, unceasingly, be in infinite action? If he occupies all space, what possible chance can there be for any other power of obstruction to come into existence, and especially in opposition?

If the foregoing queries can be answered affirmatively, does it not, since there is so much pain, suffering and wrong in this world, lead to some doubts of the infallibility and geniusness of the attributes of Deity? and requiring necessary to divine instruction and improvement.

"What is matter?" "Never mind!" "What is mind?" "No matter!" It would seem from the above, that the author was wise enough not to commit himself to the possibility of first causes.

SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The American Association of Spiritualists.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WORLD.

The Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists, Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, the 15th day of September, 1870, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Each State Organization is invited to send the same number of Delegates that they have Representatives in Congress; and each Territory and Province, having organized Societies, is invited to send Delegates, according to the number of Representatives,—the District of Columbia to send two Delegates,—longed, and participate in the business that will be before this meeting.

By Direction of the Board of Trustees,
HARRY F. DUNN, Sec. Secretary,
634 Race St. Philadelphia.

The Board will meet on Monday, the 16th of September at 8 o'clock P. M., at the Hall above named.

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Strike the blow, and then
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Religio-Philosophical Journal

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CHICAGO JULY 10, 1870.

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"DOES GOD KEEP A CAT?"
Who is the Author of the "Other Side of Life?"

A little three year old was considerably excited the other day, by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother suddenly:
"Who made them, my child?"
"God made the birds, mamma?"
"God made them?"
The little was thoughtful a moment, and then asked energetically:
"Does God keep a cat?"

The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older but for the present she had better go and play with her little rubber doll.—Exchange.

Life is indeed made up of contraries,—rich and poor, intelligent and ignorant, clean and filthy, sound and crippled, beautiful and ugly, virtuous and licentious, benevolent and miserly, brave and cowardly, strong and weak, honest and dishonest, and there seems to be the nature of the cat and mouse permeating the whole human family, and the question is a pertinent one, "Does God keep a cat?"

What head, dear reader, do you come under in the above catalogue?
Life is infinitely diversified. We met a man yesterday on the streets. We looked into his soul, and saw nothing there but weeds, thorns, obstructions, calloused places and heart-rending scenes. His countenance was the picture of sadness and despair. He had hanging on his arm a basket of matches, and from the sale of them he realized a livelihood. He was a poor man, and as he bobbed along on his crutch, our soul went out in loving sympathy for him, and we stopped and gazed upon him, handing him a small sum of money. He refused to receive it unless we took matches in return. We cast the trifling sum in his basket and forced him to accept it. There was one of God's children. He had but one leg. He was poorly dressed. He was filthy. His voice sounded like a wheelbarrow over the pavement. His eyes seemed lit up with a self-determination that appalled us. Here was self-reliance,—a man with one leg; ragged, filthy, ignorant, diseased, nature distorted and resembling a gaunt oak; soul like an arid desert; a mind filled with vacuity; wild, eccentric, peevish, hateful and arrogant, he went forth to fight his way along and gain an honest livelihood. From early morn till dewy eve this man may be seen on the streets of Chicago, selling matches, absolutely refusing to accept a gift from any one. We handed him a tract of the Young Men's Christian Association, headed—"Not a Sparrow Falls to the Ground without God's Notice."—Ask and it shall be given thee." We told him to read it and pray as directed, and report to us in four weeks, if his prayers had been answered. We desired to experiment in regard to its efficacy.

We met another man. His features seemed to be lit up by a nature that appeared to say, "This is a curious world."
His forehead was well-developed, his temperament of that active kind that said "The world owes me a living, and I will have it." He had no legs, and as he worked his way along in his own peculiar manner, with a basket of peanuts on his arm, we wondered why this strange diversity in life. Accustomed to hardships, to be jostled along, to feel the effects of life's suffering, he appeared like an antelope that lived and moved because it could not help it. We stopped and talked with him and gave him a similar tract. He read it attentively, he pondered its contents well, and then folding it carefully, he put it in his pocket, and said:

"Say, Mister, that's all gammon. You needn't talk to me about God's watching the sparrows, and numbering the hairs of the head; that's nonsense, sir,—the most consummate nonsense. When I was a boy, I was caught in the wheels of a threshing machine, and you see the result. Why didn't he watch me and save me for a life of usefulness? If he is all-powerful, why don't he exercise that power in behalf of his children? Had my own dear mother all-power, she would have saved me; and is the creature better than the Creator? I tell you, Mister, there is no use talking; it is all nonsense. If God does number the hairs of our head, and so carefully and tenderly watch the sparrows, why does he neglect his children?"

This poor cripple, whose body bore the evidence of misfortune and hardship, was not yet prepared to accept the doctrine so boldly inculcated by the Young Men's Christian Association.

We passed a little girl sitting on the sidewalk near where her mother resided. She was a mass of putrid sores. The horrible disease with which the mother was afflicted was transmitted to her child, and she presented a ghastly spectacle indeed.

What a world this is! The dark side of it,—to whose credit does it speak? Who claims the authorship of all the misery in the world? The dens of infamy and vice, the seething, burning, hissing hells of civil life,—who claims them, whose child are they? Is there a personal God in the heavens, who created the evil and the good, and who is infinite in wisdom and power? Does that hell yonder—that dark, pestilential hell, lit up with the fiery eyes of demons in human form—come under the head, "He created the evil and the good?"

Look at the hells of earth, red-hot with passion, burning with the fruits of lust, illuminated with a licentious spirit, and pregnant with all the impurities of the cess pools of life. What a picture! Sad to contemplate! Hells on earth! Yes, hell is worse than that of which Milton sung, or Pollock in his boyish madness ever imagined.

Who owns "the other side" of life,—the dark side, the pestilential side, the side of crime, the side that is seething and burning with sin?

See that man in the gutter. He froths at the mouth. He has been steeped in strychnine whiskey, is saturated with the odors of a thousand hells. He groans and sighs; he is mad. He is in an imaginary hell. He is delicious; he is burning in red-hot embers; little devils are turning molten lava upon him; spiders weave a net over his eyes; beetles set into his flesh; poisonous insects sting him; snakes encircle his body and breathe into his nostrils their pestilential breath; mad dogs are gnawing his legs, and a thousand bees are humming around his head. The very clouds that move through the sky, seem to be hissing serpents, waiting to devour him. His friends are his enemies. Thus in the fifth of the gutter he suffers from the *delectum tremens*.

Look at that long train of wandering illegitimates,—the fruit of crime. It is standing now like a long serpent that humanity has woven. There they stand in single file, from the age of four to seven, in the city of New York, and the column is fourteen miles long! Horrible! awful! lamentable! but true. Place the illegitimate children of New York in a line, and it will make a column of the length designated. Statistics say so, and it is true.

Infant childhood, the fruit of crime, in column marching! They should have a banner, inscribed on one side: "The other side of life; the darker side; the pestilential side; the fruits of crime, of broken hearts, of tears, of wail, anguish, moans and sorrow." On the other should be, "He creates the evil and the good."
A train of illegitimates, in one large city, fourteen miles long,—composed of little girls with curling hair, and cheeks of rosy hue, and voices as clear as the morning bell, and who are as innocent and pure as an angel, and little boys bare-footed and ragged, and from whose lips escape a stream of curses, oaths, and blasphemous utterances, that speak of the hell they are in.

Who owns the "other side" of life,—the hell side, the desert side, the unclean side, the pestilential side?

What a world! Did you ever think of it? The "other side" of life,—how do you like it? Have you ever been there?
Is it necessary,—the fruits of crime essential to promote the happiness of humanity? Who started the grand scheme of creation? That savoring mother in your garret asks the question. The cold feet, the limbs protruding from tattered garments, the sores on the body, and the hungry look of that poor child, asks, "Who created this 'other side' of life?"

That old man, dying in the garret, in his agony, desires to know who started, who originated this sad state of affairs.

O the dark side of life! the agonizing side! the side of broken hearts, skeletons of blasted hopes, and lives that have been a failure! The side of war, bloodshed, murder, rapine, famine, licentiousness, debauchery and crime; the side that has darkness for its light, crime for its virtue, discord for its harmony, hate for its love, and rebellion for its peace! Did the orthodox God create the "other side"? He made the serpent more subtle than all the beasts of the field, and finally cursed him therefore, and caused him to crawl upon his belly all the days of his life.

This "other side" of life is like a book without an author; a machine without an inventor; a world without an originator. Where is Brahmin the Hindoo God, or Lord the orthodox God? Which claims the authorship? Is the other side of life an illegitimate child of some God, who has fled to his far off home in the regions of space, not daring to meet the frowns of those he has created? Look at the world of sin and sorrow! gaze upon the funeral cortege that is following a hearse that is filled with broken hearts, and asks yourself, if the orthodox God has not been neglecting his business.

That engineer yonder is beastly drunk, and a

frightful accident happens. He is responsible for the same.

The human family are forced into the world, forced through it, and forced out of it. They are forced along like a train of cars. We can't see the steam nor hear the shrill whistle, yet we move, and as we move, where is the divine engineer? If an accident happens, who is responsible? Humanity is only one vast train. The crash is the first depot, the grave the last. Some have first class cars with seats soft and comfortable, and a couch to rest in at night. Some must take the smoking car reeking in filth, while others must be content with the emigrant train, while others are simply dragged along at the tune—

"Rattle his bones over the stones
He is only a pauper whom nobody owns."

In this train that goes heaving along from the cradle to the grave, God is supposed to be the engineer. He starts his train at the cradle and stops it at the grave. He is engineer, fireman and conductor. As a conductor he is eccentric. Those that have plenty of funds, he gives them a free ride; but those that have none he takes away that which they already have. The devil is his brakeman, and thoroughly skilled, he is, too. He broke the plans of the chief engineer in the Garden of Eden, succeeded in thwarting his intentions, caused him to curse the earth, to denounce in bitter terms the serpent, to devastate the Garden of Eden, and drown the world. He is continually applying the brakes, and consequently causes difficulty constantly. Why he has not been discharged before this time, we know not.

Such is the "other side" of life, and who is the author thereof?

All is not gold that glitters. All is not virtue that has the appearance of a crime. That man never committed a crime, never stole a cent in his life, yet a bigger rascal does not exist in prison. He is a thief at heart, and if it were not for the law and the penalty he would exhibit his real nature.

There are honest men in prison as well as out of it. Prisons are productive of crime, for he who is incarcerated within their walls has the stamp of Cain upon him,—he is forever disgraced.

He who despises a criminal, and points the finger of scorn at him, is the greater sinner. He who pities him, encourages, and assists him is the true Christian and philanthropist.

Even Beecher has a correct view of the "other side of life, for he said:

"There is not in New York a man so mean that he would not put down a man who should propose to have a banquet off from a fellow-man, cutting steaks out of him and eating them. And that is nothing but feasting on the human body; while they all sit down and take a man's soul, and look for the tenderloins, and invite their neighbors in to partake of these little tit-bits. They will take a man's honor and name, and broil them over the coals of indignation, and fill the whole room with the aroma thereof, and give their neighbor a place, and watch him and wink as he tastes it. You all eat men up and you are cannibals, every one of you, and worse. You will be glad to get off at God's judgement seat with the plea,—'I only ate the outside.' You ate the souls, the finest elements of men. You are more than glad if you can whipsaw a word that is derogatory to a neighbor or his wife, or his daughter."

Look at that heart rending scene. There is a dark, damp cellar. It is a refined hell, rendered sacred by the sanctimonious countenance and solemn visage of one who prays with his lips and serves God with the flesh and blood of humanity. He owns that cellar, but he has no ownership in that wretch and her three little children. He rents them that dingy hole, that religious hell, that health-destroying, vermin-breeding, pestilential hole in the ground. Men who own real estate, own it down to the centre of the earth, and up as high as they can make use of it. He visits this mother to collect his rent. He is a modern Shylock, a cannibal; a child-eater, a murderer, a fiend in human form; yet he is a praying man, a church goer, an aristocratic nabob, who worships God on soft carpets and dreams of him on a downy bed, and eats food that has been blessed, out of gold dishes; who catches the precious "droppings of the sanctuary," as they come from the lips of a pastor who declaims metaphors, well-rounded periods, sympathetic appeals and prayers, for \$10,000 a year, a portion of which is the flesh, the blood, the tears and moans, and sighs and anguish and life-force of that woman and her three children. Some of it is derived from buildings which the church rents for houses of prostitution, on the plea that they would rent for no other purpose, and if the inmates thereof did not practice their nefarious work there they would somewhere else.

A man can have some respect for a fellow-lodger sitting at a repast of human flesh, or a Patagonian saturating his hair with oil extracted from the body of some poor victim, for the sufferings of those whom they prey are short, and the pain is soon over, but that church member, who is preying off the life of that woman and her three children, eating them up by inches, starving them by degrees,—he is worse than a Congo Negro who, with his hands mottled with human blood, lives them with his tongue, and sends forth a grin, ghastly smile of satisfaction.

But who is responsible for this "other side" of life,—the dark side, the side of widow's moans and orphan's sighs, the starving side, the pestilential side, the side of war, rapine, murder, debauchery, slander, intemperance, and crime of all shades? Ten thousand times ten thousand prayers, yes, quintillions of prayers, have went up from lips curled gracefully and significantly to God, that this "other side" of life might be made bright and joyous, ridges of light with the touch of Divinity, but they availed nothing. These prayers, placed in line, would span the universe, would girdle a whole system of worlds, and make a library that would

cover the whole State of Illinois, yet they have not changed the character of the "other side" of life; it still seethes, and foams, and irritates, and the widows' moans and orphan's sighs are heard amidst the din and bustle of human life. Prayers have been tried,—long, short, and intermediate. Old men have prayed; the Young Men's Christian Association have sent forth twenty tons of prayers in the shape of tracts; organized meetings have uttered prayer after prayer, with "amens" enough, if made in *to-light*, to reach from earth to Jupiter, while "glory hallelujah" has been uttered so often that the sound thereof has not been entirely extinct for four hundred years. Still the "other side" of life exists.

Prayer, like a patent medicine, is recommended for numerous ills. It is supposed to be a "cure-all," but it is as powerless to relieve the "other side," as Ayer's Cathartic Pills would be to relieve a case of absolute blindness.

If the money paid for printing the twenty tons of tracts that the Young Men's Christian Association distribute every year, and the salary of divines who pray for \$10,000 per annum, were distributed among the unfortunate of this "other side," it would do more to relieve suffering than all the prayers that have ever been uttered.

As the cat preys off of the mouse, so does one side of life, characterized by the same instinctive cunning, in many instances, lives off of the precious life blood, the soul, the better nature of the "other side."

We cannot answer the question proposed, in this article.

WHAT IS IT? WHO CAN TELL?

"A Negro Woman who Keeps an Earthquake on Hand."

One of the most encouraging evidences of the spread of Spiritualism among the masses, is to be found in the fact of the frequent notice by the secular press, of remarkable instances of spirit manifestation occurring here and there throughout the country. In our paper of the 3rd last, we gave such an article, entitled "Voices From the Grave—Three Hours in Converse with the Spirits," which originally appeared in the *Louisville Courier*, and was copied into the *Chicago Daily Times*, and probably into other papers, and consequently received a large circulation among that class of people, who probably but seldom have these startling and remarkable truths brought to their attention.

We now append another article, which appeared a few days since in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, a paper having probably much the largest circulation of any Southern sheet, and this, too, we are pleased to notice, was also copied into the *Chicago Times*, having also an immense circulation. These are good omens, and we shall expect to see them multiplied, for Truth cannot be kept "crushed to earth."

This latter article closes with the significant inquiry, "What is it?" When the mind becomes inquisitive, it will soon assert its independence. It was a source of alarm to the Jews of old, when the people began to throw off their old priestly bondage and inquire for the great reformer, the pre-eminent medium of his time. "Sirs, we would see Jesus."

But to the article in question:
"There is now living within ten miles of St. Louis, on the road to Somerset, at Nix's old stand, a negro woman, of a light copper color, heavy set, and about 37 years of age, who is a 'spirit medium.' She was raised at the place where she now lives, and has been known as a medium for nearly ten years. During the life time of the late John Craig, M. D., who was a citizen of this place, and an ardent Spiritualist, this woman visited his house, at the doctor's instance, and gave quite a number of sittings for the edification of some of our citizens. At these meetings many wonderful things were done, if accounts are to be credited, such as lifting and turning tables, conversing with the dead, moving ponderous bodies, playing on musical instruments, etc. Her powers are varied, as she is both a talking and writing medium, a clairvoyant, etc. Many strangers who have traveled the road to Somerset, have stopped at this house, where she makes her home, and have been wonderfully surprised at her spiritual manifestations. A few days since a party of gentlemen from this place went out to see her. Some of them were exceedingly skeptical before going, but returned saying, 'How strange—what can it be?' We heard one of the gentlemen, whose name we could not recall, say that the woman moved a table violently against him, with only the end of one finger resting against it; that she called up the spirit of a brother of his who was killed during the late war, and gave such a manifestation of his living presence as to astound him; at the woman and all who were with him, were entire strangers to his deceased brother, and they say that he was the brother's father. She gave the full name of our informant's grandfather, to whom she and all the company were utter strangers. When the circle was finally broken, the house shook and rattled as though an earthquake had done it, and immediately after, all was as silent as the grave. The facts can be vouched for by some of our citizens, who are men of honor, sense and high standing. What was it?"

AUSTIN KENT.
A friend sends 50 cents to us for Austin Kent.

H. E. SMITH.
Writes to us in regard to his paper, but omits his address. Will he please send it.

"We understand that our gifted Sister, Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, is soon to publish a poem entitled, 'The outcast of Baltimore,' purporting to come from Edgar A. Poe, and said, by good judges, to be a poem of much merit and unusual interest."

"We would call special attention to the card of Dr. J. A. Clark, in our advertising column. We personally know him to be a fine healer and a skillful physician. We cordially recommend him to our readers."

DR. DANIEL HULL.
We are pained to learn that Dr. Hull is laboring under temporary indisposition at his home, Hobart, Indiana. We hope he will speedily recover.

"The wife of Mr. Newton Seiberland has recovered in the Supreme Court of Baltimore, two thousand dollars from John Seaton, for claiming her hand and her will." Mr. Seaton was the landlord of Mr. Seiberland and called for his rent, but failing to receive it imprinted a kiss on the hand of Mrs. Seiberland.

"A young lady in Columbus, Ohio, seized and held a robber, who had broken into her room, a few nights since, until her brother could be aroused and come to her aid from an out-building in the yard."

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU.

On the last page of our paper may be found a very correct likeness of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, who, during the past winter, created great interest in our cause in Kansas and Missouri. The tests that she gave at the close of her lectures, were of the most convincing character, and startled those who were unaccustomed to such extraordinary manifestations of clairvoyant powers.

SPIRIT PICTURES.

As a Spirit Artist, she has, few, if any, superiors. Dr. Gramscuk, of Weston, Missouri, writes as follows, in reference to one of her productions:

"Since writing you last, my two boys, aged respectively two years and three days, have both left us and gone to the Summer Land. Sister Ballou was able to see and describe our little Charlie, as he played about the room with his little sisters, who were all unconscious of his angel presence. The test of his presence was incontrovertible, and she finally capped the climax of evidence, by producing for our grateful hearts, what of all earthly things we most desired, a spirit picture, life-size, of our darling,—a child she had never seen while living. Say that Spiritualism gives no consolation,—paled be the tongue that utters it!"

OSCEAHATCHIE.

We have on exhibition at our reception rooms one of her productions, a life-size portrait of Osceahatchie, a Florida Chief, who has been in the Summer Land for a long time.

ARMY LIFE.

Mrs. B. served as nurse in the army during the late rebellion, for one year, and has prepared a lecture on "One Year in the Army Hospitals," which she proposes to deliver before literary societies.

HER TESTS.

The character of her tests may be seen from the following, as given by herself in a communication which appeared in the JOURNAL:

At Filmore (Mo.), I described from three to ten spirits each evening. They were all recognized.

Among them was a Catholic priest, "Father Confessor" of a lady present, who was killed on the railroad some time since. All so described many others.

One evening, a gentleman living some four miles away, asked me if I could see the living, and not present, to which I replied in the affirmative, by describing a friend who wanted to come with him to the lecture, but was a little afraid of the opinions of others. I described others of this neighborhood, etc., etc.

At Olathe, I said to a gentleman coming forward, "I see a little golden-haired girl beside you," giving a minute description, etc. He replied, "It is a better description of my little girl than I could have given myself."

To Mr. —, I said, "I see a stream running in a certain direction," describing locality, "and here to the left, I see two men emerging from the woods, heading on their shoulders some person,—the circumstance you will recognize." Did not remember it till going home, then the sudden remembrance came to him of bathing while in the army, and drowning, to all appearances, but was rescued by two comrades, who carried him on their shoulders to camp.

At —, I described the spirit of a young man, killed by Quantrell's band; recognized by manner of death. I gave also many delineations of character, to the amusement of all, and many life incidents, etc.

At Fort Scott,—soldier, a spirit, to his mother,—told of getting hurt across the back by a fall before going into the army. Minute description with his words of cheer.

"Yes," said the sobbing mother, "it is all so,—my dear boy who went away during the war, and never came back again."

To Mr. —, "I see when you were quite young, a large poisonous snake winding about your limb or foot; were somewhat frightened afterwards."

He said, "When about ten years of age, a large snake passed over my foot. It was killed by my father, who said it was a copperhead."

To another: "I see you standing in the door of a blacksmith shop early in the morning, when you were quite a child, and had run away from where you were then living, stopped here, and was kindly received."

Mrs. Ballou will answer calls to lecture during the summer months. She is now sojourning in Minnesota.

HUDSON & HENRY, ADVERTISING AGENTS, NEW YORK CITY.
Have been compelled by their rapidly-increasing business to remove to Barner Building, 21 Park Row, where in their new and commodious quarters, they will at all times be happy to receive their friends, advertisers, and newspaper men generally.

THE NEW LIFE.

Is the name of a new paper just started at Baltimore, Md., and devoted to religious reform. It is nicely gotten up, and contains a large amount of varied and entertaining matter, which will prove especially interesting to the Spiritualists of Maryland. Wash A. Danekin writes for it, and his articles alone will be worth the price of the paper for one year.

PETER WEST.

Is daily receiving numerous visitors at room 23, number 189 Clark street. His mediumistic powers were never better, and every person giving him a call gets abundant evidence to convince him or her of the immediate presence of their spirit friends and power of communion with mortals.

HEALING, TEST AND BUSINESS MEDIUM.
No medium who has ever been before the public, has given greater satisfaction than Mrs. A. H. Robinson, at 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

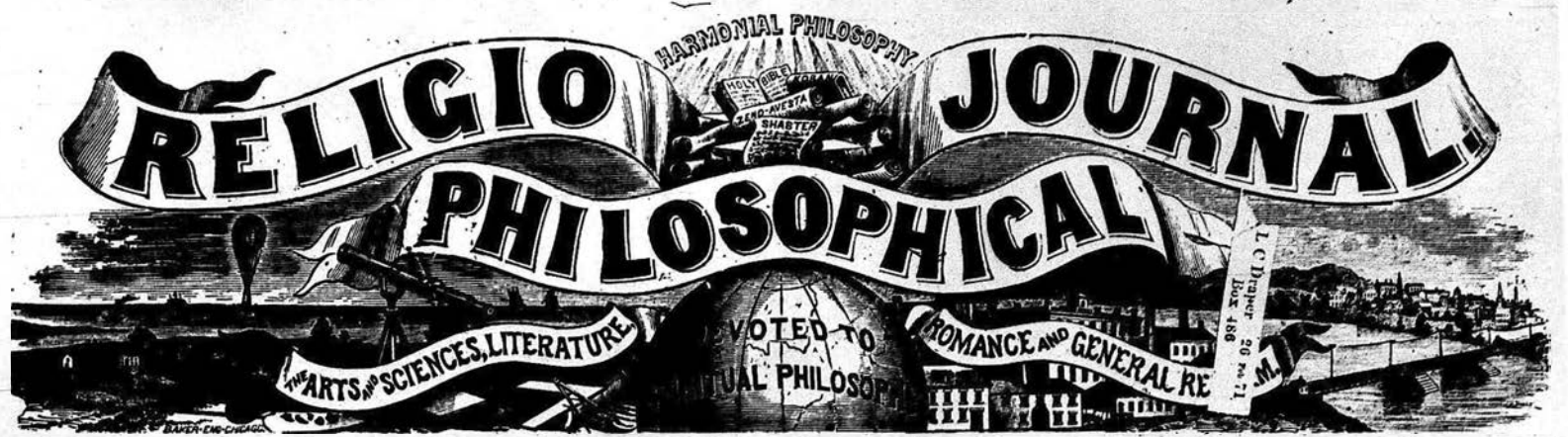
We have been shown many letters from patients cured by her, expressing great satisfaction in her mode of treatment, and the accuracy of her diagnoses of diseases.

The cures she is performing by the Positive and Negative remedies, taken internally or applied externally, under spirit direction, are had run away from her immediate relief to the sufferer, no matter what the disease may be.
See her advertisement in another column.

MRS. EMMA HARDING.

Mrs. Emma Harding will lecture the Sabbath of July at Chicago; during the weeks at Vermont, Ill.—Dubuque, Iowa, Beloit and Chicago; Address, No. 24, 25th St., Chicago. During August and September, at Geneva, N.Y., and Cleveland, Ohio. Address care of A. A. Whelan, 67 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio. During October in New York City. Address 225 West 2d St., New York. No money, engagements can be formed by her.

per ever his the tendency to lighten the load.
Were it to cease its weekly visits, I should feel as
though bereft of half my friends.



\$5.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

B. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

CHICAGO, JULY 23 1870

VOL. VIII.—NO. 18

Literary Department

THE INVISIBLE IN OUR MIDST.

BY FRANKLIN MURFORD.

FOX.

Fox is another of our "familiar spirits." He was a Sioux Chief. He is not accomplished in all the artifices of our white man's civilization. He will class every order of garments under the general head of "blankets," call our men "chiefs," our street and rail-cars and vessels, whether propelled by wind or steam, he classes as "canoes," our wine or whiskey as "fire-water."

But he is very keen in detecting men and women's motives, and sometimes shocks his interviewers by unmistakable allusions to those little weaknesses which we so carefully keep hidden, those unwearied, soiled, untidy chambers of the heart, from which all visitors are carefully excluded.

Fox's knowledge of our language is rather limited. He knows nothing of the intricacies of speech, by means of which we may say a very disagreeable thing without appearing to say it. He is apt to apply the word "fool" to any degree of human imperfection; with him it covers the whole ground; he makes but two distinctions, "little fools," and "big fools." He has a poor opinion of much pertaining to our civilization, and declares that as regards the real enjoyment of existence the Indian is far ahead of the pale-faces.

In the higher and ever-advancing enlightenment of the invisible world our life on earth seems a most imperfect and ill-regulated thing. Imperfect as to the care of our bodies; imperfect that we are creators and imitators of custom and conventionality; imperfect that we are in the dark as to the whole aim and scope of existence; imperfect that our unrealized selfishness and greed, from the craving for gain to the craving for sympathy, is akin to the blind instinct of the beast; and imperfect that we are more or less tainted with beliefs as senseless as those of the heathen when we bow to his stone idols.

Fox, seeing this folly, cannot always regard it with the patience and philosophy of the higher natures. He declares that a large proportion of people are not fit to live, and ought to be put to sleep to have been drowned at birth. He has even made this assertion with regard to the "Spiritualists" themselves on hearing of a certain Spiritualistic assertion, cant and jargon common to a class of people that they set up for champions of this belief, and who imagine themselves the Spiritualistic fontaines and head-centers for the world, whereas its real effects, and the new life wrought and to be wrought by it, are emanating from hundreds and thousands of sources the most remote, and even antagonistic to that contracted idea implied in the term: "Modern Spiritualism."

In dealing with its phenomena, Fox remarks, that "people don't keep their heads on," by which he implies that imagination and inclination have much more to do with the actions of many who seek to create a sect out of a science.

He sometimes reads us short, plain and severe lectures on our style of living, especially in wet weather, and declares that no Indian ever such a fool as to sit in his wigwam without a fire, or to travel all day in mist or rain and take off his wet blankets, at night and put them on in the morning undried. "Wet," he says, "no hurt anybody; damp is poison."

Sherman, he declares, was the "great chief" of the war, and I think if Fox could have his own way he would put Sherman where Grant is to-day.

I was once in a fault-finding vein in one of these interviews with Fox as to the certain imperfections of mediums. Said the Indian in substance: "If you want communication with the Spirit World, you must take whatever means you find readiest at hand. If you want to cross a river and can find none other than a dirty canoe, is not that dirty canoe better than none at all? If through a medium's organization you receive a test of the existence of your friends in the Spirit World, what matters it to you if the medium's life does not suit your ideas of propriety?"

STRENGTH VS. POLICE.

Perhaps you may be disposed to remark: "This is not very refined Invisible Society of yours."

If I must choose between originality and mere politeness, I shall take originality, especially when combined with keen perception and an honest and noble heart. The world to-day groans under the bond and thrall of "scholarship," and a blind reverence for mere book-learning. The professor is the commercial learning of a profession, is the commercial memory of a man of arbitrary rules. The book still takes precedence of the brain, when it is the brain that should out-rank the book. We are commencing to break through this delusion. But still the finger of many learned men are much whiter than the sheet, they stay at home in the centre of the soft silken nest of civilization. The public regard them with blind awe and admiration; mothers pray that their sons be like unto them; meantime the navigator and explorer find new continents; sturdy practicality builds roads and bridges; I have in my own California seen gigantic enterprises planned and carried through by rough, almost unlettered men. The polished and refined scholars would sneer at their ungrammatical speech, but theirs was a mental force which knew when and where, and how to put armies of men at work and to supervise those labors.

When I see a road engineered over the once inaccessible cold, bare, rocky peaks of the sierras, along dizzy precipices, overlooking foaming, boiling, tumbling mountain rivers, spanning deep gorges and ravines, it is to me a track of intellectual power. I will not carp at this power even if it be a little rough. I had rather see mind grappling with the mountains than toiling at Greek and Hebrew. You will bear in mind that the powers which rule and have ruled the world, did not all graduate at Oxford, Cambridge or Yale. In great emergencies it is often the case that is wised than the smoothing plane.

More scholarship is apt to wave for itself a warm and comfortable nest out of books. There it becomes soft and climate. It does not go out in the world; it remains comparatively ignorant of men; it sneers and yet depends on the rough practical world for protection and occupation. It is a dependant and helpless thing. It cuts for itself no new track through the wilderness of humanity. It begs for position and professorship. It comes to the very men over whom it arrogates superiority, and asks of them bread and shelter. I admire natures that face, not flee the storm.

In Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, when an Arab charge was threatened, the word was passed, "Allah and Allah to the centre of the square for protection."

It was proper that the *arab* should there keep himself out of danger. He was for another purpose. Only the propriety is even to day too general for the "arab" and "arab" while huddling together in the centre for protection to sneer at the men who are forcing a passage into those territories which they afterwards will more minutely explore. I disparage not respect, erudition, polish, learning. It is the adornment of the temple. It is to be commended and encouraged. But if you care ornamentation too deeply on the staff it will easily break. I want a strong heavy sword. I will not wear it away by over-seeing. There is more glory in a thunderbolt than in the fizz of the artificial sky-rocket. It was the sturdy, rough and vigorous Luther that shook Rome; Columbus pushed his way over the unknown ocean; school are followed in his wake; Bonaparte made use of learning in court and council, but he was its Director. I admire and so I believe you do also the Barbarian chieftain who leads and makes himself obeyed by his savage followers from Alaric to Tecumseh more than I do the learned man who chronicles his history. The ruling power in the world, in the past, to-day, in the future, on earth, away from earth is intellectual force. It is not all a creature of the library. The strongest oaks are not bot-house plants. Nature will have her own conditions in growing strong men, and when like the cedar in the high rocky cliff, they come forth in unlooked for places as did the Man of Nazareth, we say "how strange!"

OF WHAT USE?

Allowing all this matter of communication with invisible intelligences to be true, of what practical use, benefit and good is it to mankind? In these latter days, men who dare and care to think have become quite numerous. In the past, when in spite of themselves they were carried out of the pale of orthodox belief, they received something in exchange for the shade of future annihilation and oblivion of self. They were most unfortunate. There is now something for such to rest upon.

And also to thousands a word, a message, a simple test of the identity and existence of their friends passed away, received through some medium, has done more to create the shade of a belief of a burning hell, person Devil, and an avenging God than all the reasonings of the acutest skeptic. The world has been cursed with these monkish legends, and have gloomed millions of youthful minds. Parents taught hell, teachers taught hell, preachers taught hell, it was burned and seared into young and vivid imaginations. To steal a pin or play on Sunday was to run the risk of eternal hell fire. And by reason of this very belief, thousands and tens of thousands of their grew up rushed into the extremes of dissipation and indulgence. They said, "Let us live while the day lasts." Christians according to the rule laid down by these men of God, we cannot be. Perhaps in old age we'll repent. Then the season of youthful enjoyment will be passed. We will cheat God's service of our youth and manhood and impose on him old bones, bleak eyes, shaking knees, and grey hair. I accuse an old orthodoxy of being a fruitful source of every manner of dissipation. Invisible revelation is now the hope of the world.

Said a lady to me a few days since, one in her youth brought up in the very focus of New England Calvinism. "The first evidence I received of the possibility of invisible intercourse with the spirit world was a weight of a million of tons on my soul. I had been crushed with gloom and dread from earliest consciousness." So it is with thousands. Is not this to you if to mankind? This is but a moiety of what is to come.

A COWARDLY PART.

There are thousands to-day, men and women of the world, and men and women also of the church, fearful of owning to the least shade of this belief, to whom it is actually a source of comfort. In their inmost hearts they believe there is "something in it." They know that where there is so much smoke there must be some flame. They would be at heart sorry to see it proved a delusion or a humbug. They are afraid to do so, and so they keep their heads down, and their hearts are actually a source of comfort. In their inmost hearts they believe there is "something in it." They know that where there is so much smoke there must be some flame. They would be at heart sorry to see it proved a delusion or a humbug. They are afraid to do so, and so they keep their heads down, and their hearts are actually a source of comfort.

Yet, for those openly avowing this belief they have ever ready the word of scorn. "He's a Spiritualist; he's one of those Free

Love fellows." That's a part of the style. It is common with men who in private make very little pretension to virtue themselves, but are very a libidinous as to their sisters, although they may not carry out their ideal of purity as to somebody else's sister. These are very glad there is indeed so hell, devil, and inexistence is still prolonged after death. They don't want to be burned, although they almost think they deserve burning. In their heart of hearts they clutch eagerly at the information we give them, and then, that they may not lose their places in the ranks of supposed popularity and their voices in the general jest and jest against the "Spiritualists."

Within the last fifteen years a great influence of sublimity in the old-dogmatism, and a great, though vague, yet deep hope as to the perpetuity of existence has by degrees settled in the minds of millions. It is becoming stronger and stronger. Life the general air it is common to church street and bar room. It is due in far greater measure than men now realized, to the despised and rejected corner stone of Invisible Communication. Many a popular author is himself insensible of the tinge and tendency it has given his written thought. Markings have always lingered and hung over for tangible knowledge of the future state. To-day it comes in a hundred varying shapes and from a thousand sources.

Proof after proof at last impress the thoughtless. They are glad. But we couldn't come out openly and declare ourself a believer, you know. People would laugh; call us "Spiritualists;" 't would injure our business. Well, stay where you are friends. When a shadow is terrible, the terror is just as great as though it were a reality. You are quite excusable, especially if it touches bread and butter, and you will not be brouched forever.

MAGNETIC CONTROL.

Has the Operator Perfect Control of the Magnetic Subject? or are Persons in a Somnambulant Condition Subject to the Will of any Person?

BY WM. B. FAIRBANKS.

There is scarcely a communication, a lecture, or an answer to questions upon this subject, whether given by writers, mediums, or spirits, that does not illustrate the false teachings which have been inflicted upon the world by Mesmer and his followers. There is not a day passes that we do not see something like the following assertion in some paper, book, journal or publication, viz:

"I investigated mesmerism for thirty years, and had a subject that, when put into the mesmeric trance, was completely under the mind of another, is not more remarkable than that they can forget diseases, or make a resolution which will hold good when they awake. This is a remarkable fact, and when taken advantage of, instructions can effect more permanent cures than by any other method that has yet been discovered."

"I know a mesmerized woman who can read my thoughts and utter them. I know, besides, she can see any form I desire her to see. If I think of a house, I can will her to see a house stand out a living form; and so of any other subject."

There can be no doubt that any person who has experimented, studied, or paid any attention to the phenomena and powers of subjects while in a mesmeric or somnambulant condition, has seen persons who did appear to be governed by the will of the so-called operator. The fact that operators appear to have the power to make them do as they wish, and if they will do; but that subjects do that which operators may will them to do, is no proof that they make them do it, or that subjects cannot do the same things independent of them, and if they should be so disposed, contrary to their express will. This being so,—and the fact that it is, so cannot be denied,—do as they wish, and if they will do; but that subjects do that which operators may will them to do, is no proof that they make them do it, or that subjects cannot do the same things independent of them, and if they should be so disposed, contrary to their express will.

The answer is plain: that it is owing entirely to the false teachings of Mesmer, who promulgated the erroneous theory of the existence of an animal magnetic fluid in nature, which theory was a power, and a power more or less developed in man as his nature was positive or not.

Now, if there is no such thing as an animal magnetic fluid in nature, it certainly cannot be the means of producing the phenomena ascribed to it; and if it has no existence in nature, is it not worse than folly to speak of its existence, its power, its influence, etc.?

The fact that many persons can enter this state naturally, and independent of an operator, —or that all persons who have been taught, can throw themselves into the condition at pleasure, —ought to convince any one, who can see facts at all, that magnetism can have nothing to do with it, and that somnambulism is a condition natural to some, and can be acquired by all who under proper instructions determine to do so.

In a series of well-devised experiments, instituted by the French King to investigate the matter, the non-existence of animal magnetism was positively ascertained; and although their investigations did not make them understand the true nature of the somnambulant condition, yet they proved most positively that animal magnetism had nothing to do with it, and that as a distinct fluid it had no existence in nature. Dr. Benjamin Franklin was one of the commissioners appointed by the French King and his investigations did not make them understand the true nature of the somnambulant condition, yet they proved most positively that animal magnetism had nothing to do with it, and that as a distinct fluid it had no existence in nature.

I have instituted many experiments to ascertain the facts in the case; and although subjects can, and often do, do things that you may will them to do, or believe all that you may tell them, no matter how contrary they may be to

what is really true; yet it is not owing to any power within yourself, but entirely the effect of a belief on their part that you have the power, and that they cannot do otherwise, consequently they do not make an effort to think or act for themselves. The power of reading the mind has deceived many operators; and as they can read the mind of any person, so they can read the mind of the operator, or see what they imagine as well as they can that which exists, what they thus see as real to them as if it really existed. But I insist: that they can do these things themselves, independent of any one; and that because they do these things for operators, who have made them believe that they must do as they will them, it does not follow that their doing so is imperative, or that the operator has absolute power to compel them to do as he wills. If persons in their waking moments were made to believe that they could not raise an arm, or open the closed hand, they could not do the same, simply because they believed they could not, and, therefore, would not make the necessary effort to do so. The same is the case with persons in a mesmeric or somnambulant condition. If they are made to believe that they cannot do otherwise, they do not make the effort, and believing that they must see and do as others wish them, they do not resist, or use their own faculties of reason, and consequently do all the silly things that others may suggest or invent for them. I have tested the matter in a thousand ways, and have always found that it is impossible to effect any thing of the kind when persons have been taught the true nature of the state before they enter it; and it is only those who do not know better, that permit themselves to be trifled with.

Why, then, let me ask, make or permit an idiotic and ridiculous display, the result of false impressions, inculcated by those who ought to know better, when a true exposition of the facts, and the proper study of the phenomena belonging to the state, would not only lead to a correct knowledge in regard to its nature, but to innumerable benefits which the proper management of its phenomena would bring to pass.

If, instead of depending upon the virtues of a thing which has no existence save in the imagination of those who practice the art of healing, under the impression that a sensitive power is within them, and that by the laying on of hands, etc., they can impart the necessary fluid to effect cures,—if, instead of this, I say, they were to take advantage of the phenomena which are natural to those who are in a somnambulant condition, viz: their insensibility, and their power to forget, or to make lasting resolutions when they are in that state, they could effect more positive good than they could by inducing faith, or depending upon an imaginary power of imparting an animal magnetic fluid.

The fact that those who practice the art of healing, under the impression that a sensitive power is within them, and that by the laying on of hands, etc., they can impart the necessary fluid to effect cures,—if, instead of this, I say, they were to take advantage of the phenomena which are natural to those who are in a somnambulant condition, viz: their insensibility, and their power to forget, or to make lasting resolutions when they are in that state, they could effect more positive good than they could by inducing faith, or depending upon an imaginary power of imparting an animal magnetic fluid.

It is, therefore, high time that proper attention should be given to the truth, and the most rational, scientific and reliable method of effecting cures be generally adopted.

I would, therefore, say to all those who are interested in the truth, and desire to heal in a rational and successful way, study the phenomena possible to those who are in a somnambulant condition, and take advantage of their powers, and you will not only be successful, but you will know how the desideratum has been accomplished.

The idea that it is necessary to possess a peculiar temperament or constitution to effect cures, is positively not true. Every man, woman and child is a healer, and if they will do what Mr. Newton, or any other healer, is in the habit of doing, they will have the same success, and more, if they can incite the necessary faith or belief, or gain the unbounded confidence of those whom they may operate on,—they will be successful in exact proportion as they can do so; but if they will study the phenomena and powers of the somnambulant, and direct the mind of the same (while in a somnambulant condition) properly, they can effect even more, and cure those cases—its curable at all—which were not benefited by other healers, or by faith, belief, friction, or the laying on of hands, etc.

In conclusion I will remark also, that it will be found impossible for spirits to impress the mind of any one perfectly, or so as to effect cures, unless they are in a somnambulant condition, and until this fact is acted upon we cannot expect to reap the benefits of their aid in revealing diseases; and as the fact is, that all who are in a somnambulant condition, will use the necessary means to produce the effect,—and as there is no virtue outside of friction, faith, and the proper direction of the mind, especially in persons who are in a somnambulant condition,—the sooner we direct all our efforts to the true end, and act in accordance with fixed law, the sooner will we be able to reap the benefits which a proper understanding and a proper use of those God-given qualities were destined to confer.

Since writing the above, I see by the English papers, that Dr. Newton's operations have been severely criticised, and I think, too harshly; but if what is stated in the *Daily Telegraph* (London) be true, it has, in a great measure, been his own fault, for he "assumed and asserted that he was divinely inspired," etc. This, in the nineteenth century, is to say the least of it, decidedly impudent; and, as equally so, was his saying to the afflicted, "In the name of the

Father, I say unto thee, Disease depart! All right! pass on and go right out of the hall!" Dr. Newton, I apprehend, will find that science, as well as orthodoxy, will not permit any one to assume such a position, for the facts daily developing go to prove that we are all healers, and inspired, in proportion to the means employed,—or that there is no virtue outside of the faith we can induce, the friction we make use of, or the direction we can give the mind of the patient.

It is equally certain that very few, comparatively, are permanently healed by the method now employed, and that the failures are continually withheld from the public. This is not right; for if we do not see the short-comings of an art, no progress can be made or perfection attained. I could give you several failures, made by the most celebrated in the art, which I am sorry to say, were "more ridiculous than sublime," and did more injury to the cause than good to the patients.

To heal successfully, knowledge is wanted as much as reform; and both must be attained before the healing can be effected in a rational, common-sense and practical manner.

THE HAND WITH THE LILY.

A Vision.

J. L. S.

That beautiful hand, that beautiful hand
With fingers so white and so fair,
It's a spirit hand from the Summer Land,
That floats through the ambient air.

The hand is as white as the clear sunlight,
As pure as the moonlight glow,
As light as the cloud that hangs like a shroud
And moves with the air to and fro.

The hand holds a flower, a beautiful flower,
A lily so pure and white;
In the leaves of the flower seems embodied the power
Of purity's deep silent night.

The hand is not still, but moves as it will,
For it is not always at rest,
But the hand I see is approaching me,
And the flower it lays on my breast.

But the flower-white flower, the sweet, lovely flower,
No longer is blooming and fair,
In a moment of time the petals decline,
Its beauty is lost in the air.

It shrinks from my touch and withers as much,
As though it were scorched with the fire,
As the ineffective breath of evil is death
To every true, noble desire.

The thought sent a thrill through my heart with a
To think I should be so pure,
My touch should thus brighten the lily so white,
My contact it could not endure.

And whilst I was thinking, the deep deep droning
No longer in the silent hour,
They formed on the view where the lily had been,
A cluster of seeds of the flower.

And again that hand, that beautiful hand,
With fingers so white and so fair,
Take the seeds from the stem and moving with them
To my head, rubbed them into my hair.

And though in this life of darkness and strife
The lilies grow not in our hand,
They're sown in the mind of poor human-kind,
And will bloom in the sweet Summer Land.

Darling, Wis.

PETER WEST.

LETTER FROM CHARLES PECK.

DEAR BROTHER:—Some time in the month of February, I went to Mr. Peter West's office, 189 S. Clark Street, previously hearing that he could look up absent friends. After sitting a short time, he told me that the vessel was safe on which my friends were coming from Germany; that there were eight persons on board belonged to me: that the vessel would arrive in N. Y. City, inside of ten days—perhaps I might see them in ten days; if not I would get a telegraph dispatch from them,—all of which came directly true. The vessel's name is John Schmidt, which name he (West) told me, without any information from me.

The vessel had been out fifty one days, and been going westward. For all the above, I will vouch for its truth.

Chicago, Ill.

MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain has written an agricultural article at last,—treating of many bucolic topics. Here are a few extracts: "Turning should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send up a boy and let him shake the tree."

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place where it can hatch out its young."

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmers to begin setting out their corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July, instead of August."

Upward of Forty Thousand bottles of NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE were sold from Jan. 1st to June 1st, which fact tells its own story. It is so clean, and looks so nice that the ladies are all delighted with it. See advertisement.

... ..

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,

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THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Remarkable Visitation of a Spirit to his Wife.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The question, "What good has Spiritualism done?" is not infrequently asked by the bigoted adherents to old theological and mythological dogmas of the present and past ages—a class of people who live in the dead past—who feel that their gospel plan of salvation is a finality,—that the Bible is really the word of God, and that it must be accepted, no matter what men may know in this age, or what science may have revealed to the contrary. These bigoted religionists have flourished in all ages of the world, of which we have any history, and have been found arrayed against every new discovery in science, that could not be made to square with what they are pleased to term "revealed religion,"—the "Word of God,"—resting upon the inspiration of the past, and ignoring the inspiration of the present; and while they fail to point to the abrogation of a single one of nature's laws, yet they claim that inspirations and miracles ended with the dispensation of Christ upon earth; while the Bible declares that the laws of God are unchangeable—"the same yesterday, to day and forever"; and Christ declared that, "greater things than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father."

Thanks to the superior intelligence of the people of the nineteenth century, these dogmas have been obliged to give way before the ever-onward march of science, free thought, and the good common sense of the people, until there is nothing left to their adherents but a mere form of godliness, without the power thereof.

When Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, saw that the science of geology was fast undermining the "mythological fables of the dark ages," he came boldly to the rescue, and published a voluminous work, in which he attempted to make geology square with the Bible, and in which he has manifested a zeal worthy of a better cause; and although rendering confusion worse confounded, he is accepted without question by theologians, who with one accord shout amen,—let Bishop Hopkins be true, though all things in nature declare him false; but no sooner is one question settled to their satisfaction than another arises, equally destructive to their views and teachings, and to which they give battle. Thus every new revelation or fact in science is compelled to run the gauntlet of bigotry, superstition and ignorance, manifested by those who profess to be the followers of Christ, but who neither acknowledge his power or practice his precepts.

Christ spoke of these latter days, in which signs should be given,—"wonderful things revealed to all nations, tongues, and people, forecasting the coming of his kingdom upon earth,"—a time when none should cry, Lord, Lord, for all should know him, from the least even unto the greatest.

The first of these stepping-stones, tending to prepare the way of the Lord in the minds of the people, was mesmerism, and psychology followed closely in its train. These have fought their way through, and have taken much of their established sciences. Next came clairvoyance, which has been accepted also; psychometry follows, then the gift of healing by the laying-on of hands, speaking in unknown tongues, and divers and sundry gifts too numerous to mention, all of which were opposed in turn by religionists, who, when unable to explain the various facts and phenomena, cry out, "What good has it done?" while at the same time they are fearfully conscious that the cloud which, when first discovered, was no larger than a man's hand, has overcast the heavens, and from which are pouring floods of truth which are fast washing the sandy foundations from beneath their temples. Some see the walls crumbling, and flee to the devil for succor; others shut their eyes that they may not see, and stop their ears that they may not hear, and hence are ignorant of what is transpiring in their very midst. So blind and deaf are they, that they often find those who proclaim, and seem to believe, that "Spiritualism is dying out!"

There is still another class of self-deluded mortals, scarcely less to be pitied, who profess to be Free Thinkers, apparently eager to investigate the Spiritual phenomena,—are not afraid, knowing (as they think they do) that the phenomena "can all be explained upon scientific principles," but who fail to bring any science to bear upon its solution. Such persons, on entering a circle room, or in coming into the presence of a medium, for a private sitting, will invariably impose their own conditions upon which spirits shall manifest their presence, besides rendering themselves so positive as to preclude the possibility of a manifestation in their behalf; such they are who are "left to believe as lie, that they may be damned."

There are many prophecies and sayings in the Bible, which are not only truthful, but which have a peculiar significance and application to "these latter days" of this nineteenth century, in which we are most happy to have a conscious existence, and we trust that we are ever ready to meet the Lord of Truth as often as he may present himself. We have our lamps trimmed and filled with oil, and have long since entered the temple in which the feast is spread, and often wish that the great multitude of famishing outsiders, who seem content to feed upon dry husks, might be induced to come in and partake with us. We are wont to obey the Savior's command to his servants, to go out into the highways and hedges, and compel the poor starving creature to come in to the feast

—"to become wise unto salvation,"—but we are surrounded by legions of angels,—servants of the Lord, whose special mission it is to perform this work, and through whose instrumentality many poor suffering mortals are compelled to come in, and who afterwards thank God most fervently for the feast they have enjoyed,—that they have thus been brought from darkness to light, from the bonds of bigotry and priestcraft to the light of divine truth.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."—Isa. chap. 55, ver. 8, 9.

The avenues to human hearts are many and various, and angels visit them,—take up their abode there, and manifest their power where least expected. The widow and fatherless are thus visited and comforted by ministering spirits. A remarkable visitation of this kind recently took place in our presence, and as it is always our greatest pleasure to record such, we here give it for the benefit of our readers, and especially for the benefit of such as are anxious to know what good Spiritualism has done; and in order to give a true idea of the good it has done in this particular instance, we must necessarily give a brief sketch of the parties concerned; and for prudential reasons must assume names of persons and places in our narrative of a

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the year 1845, in the pleasant village of Eden, in the State of Wisconsin, Della Colton and Willie Newton, aged respectively, seven and ten years, were often seen walking hand in hand to and from the district school, seemingly totally oblivious of everything save the bean ideal,—the *Mid* which each held by the hand. Through the windows of those two loving, steadfast souls, could be discovered a deep, fervent, and abiding affection, which might be traced far, far back in the distance, till seemingly lost in the infinite source of all pure and holy love and affection.

So entirely devoted to each other were these bright and beautiful children, so fervent and untiring were they in their attachment and efforts to contribute to each other's happiness, that for miles around, it was a common remark among the people, "How Willie and Della love each other."

They were always found in each other's company when consistent. Thus years sped on, their attachment growing stronger with each succeeding month and year, until, when they were sufficiently advanced, the parents of each, sent them into an adjoining county, to an academy of some note, to complete their education; thus their intercourse was uninterrupted continued through three years of academic life, at the close of which they returned to their native village.

Della Colton had now become a beautiful and accomplished young lady of eighteen summers. William Newton had attained his majority, was a young man of commanding appearance, possessing remarkable intelligence for one of his age and experience in life, and whose soul was ever filled with generous impulses which endeared him to all who knew him.

Soon after their return from school, a clergyman was called to pronounce a marriage ceremony,—to proclaim them one whom God had made one from their inception; and a happier, and more harmoniously-organized couple, it is seldom, if ever, the privilege of mortals to behold. Would to God such unions were more common. At the termination of one year of married life, they were presented with a fine boy, which served it possible, to increase their happiness still more.

At this time (1862), there was an urgent call for volunteers to suppress the rebellion. The whole country was aroused to the importance of sustaining the government. William's patriotism knew no bounds, and without stopping to count the fearful cost of a separation from his family, he enlisted in the 18th Wisconsin Regiment. He could not bear to see his friends and acquaintances enlist and be remain at home. Della not only did not complain at this too hasty decision, but like a true, self-sacrificing woman, bid him God speed, cheerfully consenting to make the sacrifice of her very dear husband, for a time at least; and accordingly he, in company with Della's brother, and others, entered upon active service.

Six months later, the company to which he belonged were marching to Dubuque, Iowa, where a few of the soldiers were to be discharged on a thirty days furlough. William discharged the glad tidings to his wife, naming the day that he would be home, but unfortunately while on the march, he had an attack of pleurisy from which the army surgeon thought he would soon recover, and accordingly he was left at an humble cot by the roadside, with instructions to follow on by stage the next day. But ere the morning dawned, William's spirit had taken its flight in advance of his body to his heaven, the home of his beloved wife, in Eden, to prepare her as best he could, for the terrible ordeal which awaited her, and it so happened, that on the day she had expected his return in health to greet her, his lifeless remains were borne to her door.

No language could fitly portray the scenes following. Suffice it to say, the shock was so severe as to render her insensible for nearly forty-eight hours, during which time her friends almost despaired of her recovery; and ever since that time, she has mourned as few ever mourned the loss of a dear friend, and like "Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted, because they were not."

Della could not be comforted. Nothing short of a promise direct from her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, in whom she believed, made to her personally, that her husband should be restored to her again, could have brought any relief to her stricken heart. But that the Lord has been merciful and gracious unto her, even as unto Rachel, the sequel to this narrative will show. Della's eldest sister, Evangeline, is more thor-

oughly individualized than any of the rest of the Colton family. She is noble looking, of full womanly development, graceful and symmetrical in form and feature, giving evidence of much power and endurance; possessing any amount of good common sense, which is particularly manifest in her having given full scope to the inflation of her lungs and expansion of her waist, permitting a natural and healthy growth of her person, as nature designed. She is noble, generous, and kind-hearted, having a mind to appreciate the good and the true, yet possessing much more of that dash and love of adventure than Della,—that peculiar characteristic which a Down Easter would call "pluck." She married quite young, and went by the overland route to San Francisco, on horseback, for a bridal tour. Her husband engaged in business there, where they remained fourteen years. She, having lost her husband, returned to the home of her childhood, by the Panama route; and, passing through Chicago last November, while the Davenport Brothers were holding seances at Library Hall, she resolved to witness the manifestations of which she had heard so much. She accordingly attended the seances several evenings, and became thoroughly convinced of the fact of the immortality of the soul. She subsequently called at our office, subscribed for the JOURNAL, supplied herself with Spiritual books, and went on her way rejoicing, not only in her own salvation, but in the hope of being able to enlighten the minds of her parents, brothers and sisters, and, above all, to send some ray of light into the soul of her pet sister Della, who had been mourning for eight long years, and suffering untold agonies.

On her arrival home, she related her experiences with the Davenport Brothers to her heart-stricken sister, who could but hope it were true that spirits could return from "that bourne from which no traveller e'er returns."

She sincerely hoped her sister, whose word was law upon every other subject, had not been deceived in this; for, more than any other subject interested her. Could she have but the slightest evidence that William was near her, she could cheerfully bear all the burdens of this life, and wait patiently and hopefully for the time when she should embrace him in the next; but, alas! she feared this doctrine was too good to be true.

Evangeline's zeal in her sister's behalf knew no bounds, and she was determined that she should know the truth. E. V. Wilson being engaged to deliver four lectures in an adjoining county in the month of December, she determined to improve the opportunity; and accordingly, when the time arrived, she took Della in a carriage, and drove out, to attend the lectures, in hopes of getting some test that would open Della's eyes and increase her faith in this to her, very mysterious and uncertain subject. The lectures were a success as usual, and tests given of the most marvelous character,—and, although she got nothing in the way of a test that was personal to herself, yet she got many new ideas respecting the philosophy of spirit intercourse, which rendered it far more probable to her that it might be true,—and from this time she became more hopeful and cheerful. She read all the spiritual papers and books she could obtain, and delighted to revel in the thoughts presented by various authors. From this time the scales began to fall from her eyes, the old theological bonds became relaxed, and she found herself in a new sphere of life; new thoughts would crowd into her mind, and strange emotions thrill her entire being, until she became, as it were, a new creature. Old things seemed to pass away, and all things became new; but there was one thing lacking; the great desire of her heart still remained unsatisfied, and must so remain until she could get some communication from her dear husband.

Thus matters stood until the 15th of June, when the time having arrived for Evangeline to return to San Francisco, she bade adieu to her friends and started for Chicago, determined to spend a day or two here in efforts to get some tidings from Della's husband. She called at our office to make inquiry about mediums, and was not long in becoming satisfied that the much-desired end could be attained; and she very wisely concluded that she could not do a greater missionary work, than to remain here a week longer than she had intended to do, and send a telegraphic dispatch to Della to come immediately to Chicago. It is needless to say the summons was promptly responded to, and within twenty-four hours Della arrived, and mediums were visited with good results; but the nearer she seemed to arrive at the full fruition of her heart's desire, serious doubts would interpose, rendering her very unhappy; and we suggested that before they proceeded farther, they visit Mrs. Orin Abbott, a developing medium, knowing that should Della be at all susceptible to spirit influence, she might get the most satisfactory tests through her own person. Mrs. A. possesses extraordinary powers as a developing medium,—it is a rare thing indeed to sit under her influence, without being developed in some one or more phases of mediumship, in from one to three sittings. Mrs. Abbott was accordingly visited, and Della took her seat with mingled emotions of hope, fear and despair, which gradually gave way however, and a quiet passive state of mind immediately ensued under the magnetic influence of the medium. It was soon discovered that success would crown her efforts, for within half an hour she experienced some very strange sensations stealing over her vocal organs, and soon she became powerless to utter a word, yet, as she afterward said, she retained her consciousness perfectly. A second treatment was given on the following day, when "Willie" got control of her vocal organs almost entirely; so much so indeed, that notwithstanding she remained entirely unconscious, and knew all that was transpiring around her, and sensibly felt the presence of her husband, she could not mention the least emotion on her own account, nor speak her husband's name,—but on the contrary,

she was made to careen herself, and speak her own name, coupled with such endearing words as, "My own dear Della," &c., &c. Having been informed of the success of Mrs. Abbott, we called on Della and Evangeline in the evening, to congratulate them upon their success; and while conversing upon what had transpired in the afternoon, we discovered that Della's head drooped, that she commenced manipulating her throat, and seemed to be strangling, or suffocating, groaned, and seemed to be in distress, so much so, that Evangeline became alarmed. We bade her be passive and quiet awhile, and before the expiration of five minutes, the spirit of her husband had gained full control of his dearly beloved Della, greeting her in a manner that beggars all description. Such tender carresses as he gave her with her own hands, and such endearing words as she showered upon her, none but William Newton could have uttered.

Immediately succeeding this was an invocation to the Great Giver of all good, for the inestimable privilege he then enjoyed. It seemed to him that so great a blessing could have been vouchsafed from none other than the source he was then addressing. He seemed entirely overcome with thankful emotions, that the door had been thrown open which never again could be closed,—that he had now gained an advantage through the mercy of an all-wise Providence, and that a reunion had thus been effected which must endure throughout the endless ages of eternity. He had entered the inner courts of heaven where he might dwell, and go and come at will. Such gratitude to God as was expressed through those lips, we never heard equalled, and never expect to again on this side of time. Next came Evangeline's turn to receive a blessing, and expressions of the deepest gratitude for her aid in bringing about such a glorious result. Truly she realized then, as never before, how much more blessed it is to give than to receive; and yet this was not all, for Evangeline had a most satisfactory and reliable communication from her husband. The control lasted more than an hour, and was the most affecting scene we have ever witnessed. The great singularity of the manifestation was, that Della was perfectly conscious the whole time, drank in every word not only, but experienced the thrill of joy which pervaded her husband. He needed no outward expression from her, for he knew her every thought and feeling, and such as no language known to the denizens of earth could fitly express. She made the most strenuous efforts to speak his name, and answer him, but was powerless to utter a word, or to control the movements of her hands, which would constantly pat her cheeks, and smooth her hair. He spoke of their dear boy (now eight years old), and gave directions and advice as to his management, and future training,—and finally, of that terrible ordeal which both had to pass through when his mortal remains were brought to her door,—that he had preceded the body, and did all in his power to prepare her for that terrible trial. He had kind words for all the friends and relatives at Eden,—deeply deplored their state of mental darkness, and bondage to a false philosophy, and a false religion combined,—gave instructions how to approach them, and lead them into green pastures and beside the still waters of life, that are real and easily accessible, that they might rest, and find peace in the knowledge of a truth that would make them free indeed; he also spoke in glowing terms of the beautiful home he was preparing for his dear wife, and begged her to have less care about his burial place, for he was not there.

We have had a very extended intercourse with the denizens of the spirit world,—have enjoyed extraordinary advantages of spirit communion, but never witnessed anything that would at all compare with this hour's experience. Not that the manifestation, in and of itself was of such an extraordinary character, but all the circumstances taken together, and being in sympathy with the suffering of the persons directly interested, rendered it a scene of peculiar interest, and one which can never be effaced from memory's tablet.

While sitting as a silent spectator of such a scene, which came so unexpectedly, we were never so filled with gratitude to God for the great blessing of Spiritualism as upon this occasion,—never had such a realizing sense of the importance of its mission and office to both mortals and immortals,—that God is love,—that love is heaven,—and that the souls of mankind encompass all; and when asked what good has Spiritualism done, we can point to this one instance as of more value, and outweighing all the good that the Christian world (so called) has ever been able to accomplish through their many and varied systems of belief and teachings. By the immortality of the soul is proven,—all necessity of faith is removed,—by it we know the Lord liveth, and that through just such instrumentalities as these, "All shall know Him from the least unto the greatest." We see the time rapidly approaching when manifestations of spirit presence will have become universally prevalent, when spirits shall walk the earth, and hold sweet communion with their friends as familiarly as did Jesus with his disciples, while his body yet lay in the tomb. The law governing such reunions are the same to-day as then, and shall be forever more,—and just such reunions and accessions will ere long be of common occurrence. Jacob's ladder will have been let down to earth, on which angels (ministering spirits,) may descend, and ascend at will, and then shall those to whom death is the king of terrors, proclaim their victory over it, and with all the calmness and serenity, and triumph of one having passed the much-dreaded ordeal, ask—"O Lord, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Up to the time William Newton enlisted in the service of his country, neither he nor Della had known sorrow or suffering. Both having been born of well-to-do parents, they had no lack of the necessities of life,—their physical wants were all supplied; hence their affection-

al natures were left to a free and full development; not even a thought of jealousy could enter their hearts to mar their happiness; they lived in their affections, which in either case were well bestowed and fully appreciated. Thus their lives had been of such uninterrupted bliss as seldom falls to the lot of mortals to experience; and as a natural consequence, their separation, which was supposed to be but temporary, caused a deep and heartless sorrow which never could find adequate expression in words,—and this was but preparatory to the terrible ordeal which both were soon called to pass through. He that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, had in mercy given them all, but no more than they could bear. The great and important lesson of experience and suffering must needs come, either in this or the spirit world; and in this case each had an equal share,—one in this life, and the other in that bourne from which he returned to tell the tale of his anguish.

Why all this terrible suffering? What had these innocent, loving souls done that they should be called to pass through this fiery ordeal? The whole civilized world would exclaim, "Alas! they were lovely; God and the angels loved them, and hence they were chastened, for 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' And why? What lessons are to be derived from these afflictions,—what their necessity and use? First, we are to consider that we are in a preliminary or infantile state of existence. Here we learn the "A, B, C of life," preparatory to our entrance upon a higher and more exalted state. We are made up of a great variety of elements, and the first lesson we learn is that of selfishness,—self love. All are seeking their own happiness and not that of their neighbor; would that we could say, not at the expense of their neighbor.

Selfishness is the great sin of humanity,—charity the great virtue,—that which Jesus taught both by word and deed, and which is never practiced even to the slightest degree, except by the few who have progressed to a point where they can realize that,

"To not all of life to live,
Not all of death to die."

We live under the dispensation of Moses, and suffering alone will bring us to Christ,—to love and sympathize with all humanity, as he did,—to suffer as he did, and, perchance, to die as he did.

All must pass through the furnace of affliction sooner or later,—if not in this world, then in the world to come,—that thus we may be brought to a realization of the real object of life here and hereafter; that we may become pure in spirit, and fitted to enjoy far more than at present we have any conception of.

Gethsemane is the last station on this tedious and perilous journey of earthly life, and unless blessed are they who continue to the end, and can say with Paul:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day."

The steps of Calvary are ascending, each for himself or herself, as we travel along this great highway of progress. Some travel very slowly, others very fast. Those move the most rapidly, and are the more highly blessed, who encounter the greatest number of obstructions, of severe trials and experiences. The Lazaruses, who are out a million years, are ascending, being for bread and for sympathy, too, as well as those who occupy the middle walks of life, whose pride causes them to suffer so much, and who are borne down with anguish from various causes,—these are they whom the Lord of Life is especially merciful unto; it is such as these that are ripening fast,—are letting go their hold on earth and taking hold on heaven, seeking mansions not made with hands; and all unconsciously, too, perhaps.

Did we know the full value of earth life experiences and trials, we should bear them with far greater fortitude and cheerfulness, too, knowing that "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Della and Willie are traveling the same road together now; the sorrow and suffering of each is identical. He experienced all the suffering that she felt when his mortal remains were brought to her door. He has suffered as much since, because he could not make himself tangible to her, as she has because she could not realize his presence, and knew not whether he had gone.

Such is life in the body, and such is life in spirit,—they are inseparable. Reunion has been effected, and their life will be together, and suffer together, until fitted for that more perfect union when she, too, shall have passed over the river, to join him on the other side, when both will unite in their expressions of gratitude to an all-wise providence for every sad lesson and trial of life which has borne them to their final home in their celestial Eden in the land of the blessed.

We subjoin the following poem by Phoebe Cary as expressive of what we believe all will heartily endorse at some time in their progress. The poem is copied from most excellent work by A. B. Child entitled, "Christ and the People."

I said if I might go back again

To the very first sunrise of my birth;

Might have my life whatever I chose,

And live it in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,

Barish the shadows of sorrow and doubt,

Have all my happiness and gladness,

And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone

The best that a woman comes to know:

Could have had what would make her blest,

Or whatever she desired or so;

Have gained the highest and purest bliss

That the bright ring and wreath could give;

And chosen the one out of all the world

That I might, or could, or would have chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night

By my children lying close in their bed,

And could count in my prayers, for a rosy,

The shining ray of their golden heads:

Yes! I said, if a miracle such as this

Could be wrought for me at my bidding,—still

I would choose to have my lot as it is,

And to let my future come as it will.

I would not make the path I have trod

More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;

Nor change my course, the breadth of a hair

This way or that, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all,

My weakness and my strength, my pain and place;

Nay, even my sin, if you come to that,

May have been my help, not hindrance.

If I saved my body from the flames

Because that once I had burned my hand,

Or kept myself from a greater pain from death,

By a less,—you will understand.

It was better I suffered a little pain,

Better I stoned for a little time,

If the smearing wound me as he bled from death,

And the blood of sin was washed from mine.

Who knows its strength, by trial, will know

What strength means, and what is not against a sin;

And how temptation is overcome.

He has learned who has felt the power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show

Why, how, I am, and why I live, and how

Open, heaven, you say, yet it shines

A luminous sphere, complete and grand.

So let my past stand just as it stands,

And let me now, as I may, grow old;

I can wait, I can wait, and wait, and wait,

In the best—or it had not been, I hope.

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S. J. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Literary Department

GREAT TRUTHS
BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

The following beautiful poem from that gifted poetess, Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, having gone the rounds of the California Journals, has also found its way and become crystallized in Andrew Jackson Davis' "Key to the Summerland."

Great souls are filled with love,
Great brows are calm;
Serenity while they, their eyes above
The world and the storm.

In words the godly man is mute—
In deeds he lives—
Wouldst thou know the tree? Examine well the fruit!
The flower? The scent it gives!

Great thoughts are still as stars,
Great truths are bright;
They grasp the soul where death its prison-bars
It languidly doth die.

They bring it forth on wings
Sublime and grand;
Where in the midst of deeply-hidden things
It joyfully doth expand.

Like sentinels they stand
And softly keep
Their silent watch, where a ruthless band
Of lurking errors creep.

Like pearls of starry light
They burn and glow;
They pierce the shadows of the night
And dispel the gloom.

Great truths! ah, ye, more grand,
More bright,
Than those that thrill the wires throughout the land!
Than those that gem the sky!

Great truths! ah, ye, more fair,
Sublime and grand,
Than burning thoughts that tremble on the air!
Than the mysteries of sleep!

From Nature's hand they spring
In joy and light,
And on imagination's quivering wing
They take their onward flight.

In beauty's garb they rise,
All fresh as morn;
And on imagination's quivering wing
They take their onward flight.

With myriad wonders they wage
An endless war;
And shed their lustre on each passing age,
Like morning's golden star.

Great truths! they come from God,
In heaven
They spring to life from each prophetic word
That thrill the earth!

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

Experiences in Development.

COMMUNICATED BY A. C. SWINTON.

From Human Nature.

The following Notes of a Darv kept by Mr. Swinton during the time he has conducted his Spirit Circle for Development, are deeply interesting to all spiritualists and students of psychology, and very instructive to such as desire the best directions in forming a similar circle. The perseverance, care, and patience of this circle have been very noteworthy, and (as the respective developments seem to indicate) to those qualities mainly its own failure due. If the same steps were taken by family groups generally, the phenomena of Spiritualism might soon become universal. The reader should pay particular attention to the conditions observed in the following Notes.

Developing Circles for Dark Seances, formed of five persons (by Dr. Buchanan of the spirit-world, through the mediumship of J. J. Morse), consisting of Mrs. Shaw, her daughter, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Elmer, and A. C. Swinton, at the latter's house, 5 Cambridge Road, The Junction, Kilburn, N. W., March 26, 1870.

The sittings to be of half-an-hour's duration nightly, from 9.30 to 10. x., for one week (under spirit-direction). The following week, one hour every other night, from 9.30 to 10.30. For the next fortnight an hour and a half each night.

March 28th.—Up to this time the thoroughly-darkened room has appeared light in parts to each member of the circle, and numerous spirits have been distinctly seen by Mrs. Knight and Miss Shaw, and clear "raps" on the table have been heard by us all. Our spirit friend, Dr. Buchanan, who seems at present to be the chief director of our circle, instructed us by impression, the alphabet, and movement of the table, to make a light tube. During this evening the tube was moved about on the table by Mrs. Shaw, and clear "raps" on the table were heard by us all. Our spirit friend, Dr. Buchanan, who seems at present to be the chief director of our circle, instructed us by impression, the alphabet, and movement of the table, to make a light tube. During this evening the tube was moved about on the table by Mrs. Shaw, and clear "raps" on the table were heard by us all.

March 29th.—Tubes were easily moved about on the table by our good vision from the summer-land, who say that they hope soon to be able to speak to us vocally. Miss Shaw saw a spirit-hand moving the tube this evening. The table frequently seems almost like a living creature—with such graphic force and tenderness does it by movement express the wishes and emotions of our visitors. When in my bed-chamber (at midnight), I heard birds singing from the time I retired to rest till I fell asleep—raised myself in bed, and placed my head in several positions to test the accuracy of my senses, but the sweet singing continued until the same through two last kept near us. Mrs. Knight, of 8 Cambridge Road, has heard

similar singing in her own house, caused by our spirit friends. Mrs. Shaw states, that a delightful perfume pervaded her bedroom during the preceding night.

Our circle seems to consist of a large number, and among those we have at present heard of are: Edward Denys (author of "The Chinese Philosopher"), Channing, Dr. Buchanan, C. Mackworth, Robert Shaw (who passed away in this house on the 31st of December last), M. A. Swinton (my sister), C. Swinton, and H. Swinton (a sister and brother of mine), Messrs. P. Pearce, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and George Gordon Byron.

30th.—Luminous halo—blue and white first, and afterwards golden—seen on the head of a visitor, who was permitted by our spirit-friends to join our circle. The halo was seen continuously by Mrs. Shaw for about five minutes. A. C. Swinton was touched several times on the right hand by his mother, seen the tube was moved about and apparently lifted off the table.

31st.—Frequent movements of the tube, and a sheet of writing paper was moved from behind Miss Elmer to her lap (without noise, and apparently as the shortest mode of our spirit-friends expressing their wishes) for the medium to write upon. There was much light in the room, and a slight noise seemed to be made through the tube. A message was written through the medium, Miss Shaw, who is now magnetized by our spirit-friends, and remains unconscious during the seances. She occasionally holds the tube. The previous evening Mrs. Knight seemed to hear spirit-friends speak in a low voice, and other members of the circle heard it.

April 1st.—Tube frequently moved about, and a pencil moved by our spirit friends from Miss Elmer's hand to her knee. An attempt at direct writing apparently made, but unsuccessful. Light seen as before.

2nd.—Similar phenomena.

3rd.—Removed to another room by spirit direction, so as to have music to induce harmony, &c. Piano played by W. Atkins (who happened to be staying here). Robert Shaw seen twice by Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Shaw. Spirits best friends to the music, and numerous lights were seen.

4th.—Piano played (in the dark) by W. Atkins, and table beating time and dancing about the room; numerous lights seen. Efforts made by our spirit-friends to present a luminous keyboard to the player when he faltered. Two spirit-friends were distinctly seen twice by Mrs. Shaw and her daughter—said by Dr. Buchanan to be his. Mrs. Shaw also saw a form, and many indistinct ones were seen. All our spirit-friends, as usual, communicated.

5th.—Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Knight distinctly saw the former's husband walking about the circle, and C. W. Pearce (who has just joined our circle) was touched by him. Light was seen, as usual, pervading the room, and some bright stars. The tube was raised from the table occasionally. Mrs. Knight also saw several of our spirit-friends, but not clearly enough to recognize them. A new tube had been made for this evening, the old one having been broken by Miss Shaw (whilst entranced), the evening before, in beating time to the music on the table. Mrs. Knight received three pats on the side of the head from our lively spirit Robert Shaw. Three spiritual visions occurred the same night to Mrs. Shaw, and some in spiritual life were also seen by Mrs. Knight.

6th.—Miss Elmer and Miss Shaw (by our spirit friends' request), attended a seance at Dr. Buchanan's (conductor of the Co-operative Store, 337 Strand), 26 Waterloo Road, to get some instructions and other developments for our circle, through the mediumship of J. J. Morse, who had engaged to be present. Instructions were given by our spirit friend, Dr. Buchanan, that we are to sit an hour each evening, from 9.15 to 10.15, and to occupy the room, if possible, an hour before.—This is an important provision.—Ed.

7th.—Much light seen, and Robert Shaw visible to Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Knight.

8th.—Similar phenomena.

9th.—C. W. Pearce again joined us. Room thoroughly darkened as usual. After a few directions given through the table, and Miss Shaw was for the first time, and by us quite unexpectedly controlled by her son, who passed away an infant, and has now been some twelve years in spirit life. The communication was made with much emotion and expressed the gladness of the son in thus being able to communicate. C. W. Pearce's sister Clara next controlled.

A. C. Swinton's mother followed her. Miss Elmer's sister, Mrs. Knight's aunt, A. C. S.'s eldest sister, a friend named "Maggie," and Dr. Buchanan who almost invariably controls the tube and closes the seance, afterward communicated in the same manner.

One or two spirit lights were seen, and two or more of the circle were touched by our dear visitors. In addition to advice on family matters, several of these spirit friends, briefly, but very instructively, expressed their grief at the sad condition of the world, and great wrong of living everywhere, especially at the want and suffering of the sons and daughters of toil in a world where the all-loving Father had so amply provided for the spiritual and physical needs of each one of his children; let them be soiled, justly to their fellows. They grieved greatly at the sufferings these selfish wrong-doers would, as the necessary consequence of their sin, have to endure in the next world, as well as for those betrayed millions, their "unhappy" and God-reviling progeny to deeply injured.

Highly pathetic and impressive were these loving utterances.

The following messages were afterward conveyed impressively through C. W. Pearce, to the circle generally, by a spirit called "Joseph." "It is with grateful feeling that we have viewed the progress made—this which has been made this night."

To the medium—"We offer our heart-felt thanks for your kind assistance."

To the circle—"Join with us in praise to the Eternal Father, whose love and power have enabled us to communicate with you."

To the medium, Miss Shaw, from her father—"Your father looks on with unutterable joy. His future dawn with a brightness far surpassing his highest hope. With your assistance he will increase your usefulness, and this usefulness must largely increase your happiness. Eat some fruit for breakfast, and wait longer before you eat heavier food."

We were informed that the entrancing of Miss Shaw enabled her spirit to temporarily leave its body and associate and travel with her father and others of the spirit world, and, by our request, her spirit moved the table and communicated with us apparently as easily as any other. We were also told that the motions of the table are caused by the action of the spirit's will-power on the magnetic sphere enveloping the table. Though our spirit friends failed to speak through Miss Shaw, they seemed to nearly succeed in doing so, and imitated whistling and laughing through her organism. Neither mother daughter on returning to their normal state, seemed conscious of anything they had said and done during the time of "possession" and trance.

April 10th (Sunday). Saturday at 8 p. m.—Present with us C. W. Pearce. Much light seen in the room by all of us—Mrs. Elmer—and spirits were distinctly seen, and members of our circle touched by them.

Mr. Clark, formerly a London solicitor, controlled Mrs. Shaw, and made a communication to his late wife, the present Mrs. Stephens of 39 Waterloo Road. A. C. S.'s mother next communicated, and expressed her regret that "a spirit from a higher sphere than any present—whose brilliancy would have shown on all of us and ensured a glorious evening—could not approach through the thick dark atmosphere that enveloped us." (I state the language of the medium, which may not strictly represent the ideas impressed upon her—the clothing of them being of course hers. There seems little doubt, however, that the communication is generally correct: we had previously heard that a "glorious spirit," from the "Lord's sphere" would bless us by his presence.)

Mrs. Knight's sister-in-law, Mrs. Shaw's son, his father, Robert Shaw, and Dr. Buchanan followed in the order named. They each regretted that the weak state of the medium prevented their having the power to manifest themselves as they wished, and also that the state of the atmosphere of the room prevented their anticipations of a highly important and delightful evening.

During the evening, our spirit friend, Robert Shaw, said he would now give us the test of identity he had promised us before he passed away. He then gave it, namely, "Humanity's approval of the expression of the Infinite Intelligence."

April 11th.—C. W. P. not present. Similar phenomena, but apparently less remarkable in consequence of the weak condition of Mrs. Shaw and her daughter. Had a confirmation of a communication made to C. W. P. at Cambridge, by Ed. Denys, that he should be impressed by the latter to write a letter for each Member of the House of Commons, and the Editors of the leading newspapers on the education question.

Copy of letter communicated, which was sent as desired:

"RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

"Sir.—If Parliament be sincere in its desire to afford the young true religious education, it must first define Religion, before it can direct its teachings."

"What is Religion? Theoretically, it is a knowledge of the relationship existing between man and God, and the duties arising therefrom."

"It is said by those interested that the only way to teach Religion is by making the Bible a class book, with full liberty to expound it. If Parliament sanctions this, the effect will be—and you know it—that Sectarian Creeds will be taught, and every act will be established. "But what is the Bible, that it should be selected? The inspired word of God, say they who profess to teach Religion. Then, if it be the expression of Infinite Intelligence, all its statements will be demonstrably true,—self-evident to all. If it need an Interpreter—a fallible man—then the expression of Infinite Intelligence is the expression of the mind of the Interpreter, and the 'Infallible word of God' is nothing more than the opinion of fallible man."

"Further, every well-read man knows the Bible to be simply a selection from the writings of Jewish Rabbis, made by various Ecclesiastical Councils, the decision of the first, the Council of Nice, being reversed many times by other Councils, before the final settlement of the Canon. Thus, again, what is, and what is not the 'Word of God,' being decided by man's opinion?"

"Seeing this—as a true man, exposes the imposition: Refuse to allow the Bible to be used as a class-book; refuse authority to dwarf the expanding intelligence of the young mind, by indoctrinating it with lifeless and soul-degrading creeds. Strip Religious teachers (so called) of power, and let the young mind be free. Divinity within the soul appears, and the first step is taken towards attaining that social Millennium whose law will be, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them.' The fulfillment of which is practical Religion."

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
C. W. Pearce.
Kilburn, May 1st."

After the sitting and the hands of our circle had been withdrawn from the table, but while we remained sitting and chatting around it, a beautiful and deeply interesting sight was observed by all of us. The center of the table (a small round chest table, with veneered surfaces for the top) seemed to expand as if it were a hollow vessel with a thin elastic covering subject to inflation. Its surface continued to rise and subside for several minutes with occasional slight oscillations and vibrations of the head. Our spirit friends inform us that they hoped soon to be able to raise and suspend the table for the benefit of such materialistic skeptics who were blind to the higher proofs of spirit power and communion.

12th.—In consequence of the weak state of health of two or three of our circle, our good spirit visitors did not, as usual, request the medium to be medium, and seemed to confine themselves to magnetizing our circle. After the sitting, and our hands had been removed from the table, it was again moved and apparently made to expand as on the preceding evening, though not so prominently.

13th.—Our spirit friends seemed to mainly occupy themselves in magnetizing two members of our circle that were in weak health, and we were again requested not to darken the room. Mrs. Shaw's and Miss Elmer's hands were removed from the table by the spirits so soon as placed there. After the lapse of an hour, and a request had been made by Ed. Denys that I should accompany Miss Shaw to C. W. Pearce's seance next Friday evening, the medium was as usual, demagnetized by Dr. Buchanan, and we remained sitting round the table a minute or two, with our hands off, to see if our friends could move it. It again seemed to expand as before stated, though the phenomena lasted but a short time.

14th.—Mrs. Shaw and Miss Elmer in much better health, but not allowed to sit on the hands on the table, though sitting in the circle. Nothing especially noteworthy was observed. Table moved slightly after the hands of Mrs. Knight, Miss Shaw and A. C. S. were removed from it. Mr. and Mrs. Dell, of Harefield presented their spirit light.

15th.—(Good Friday).—Not, as invited and urged by our spirit friends, to a seance at C. W. Pearce's, 29 Hargrave Street, Stockwell, accompanied by Mrs. Shaw—the evening chosen for the dedicating of his children to their angel guardians. Persons present:—Mrs. Elmer, Mrs. Shaw, W. H. Harrison, Mrs. Bryant and her husband, Cambridge; N. H. F. Daw, C. W. Pearce and wife; J. M. Peebles, R. S. Pearce, and Miss Elmer were informed during the sitting that the spirit of the child, who was the subject of the dedication, was present.

The direct speaking of the spirit friend "John Watt," was delayed unusually long, in consequence of conflicting influences; continuous rappings, strong currents of air, and written explanations and directions by the controlling spirit friend, the order was given by him to put out the lights. Shortly after this the delicious accents of various flowers (doubtless appropriate to the special occasion) were strongly diffused through the room and enjoyed by the whole circle. A. C. S. was informed that the seance became more apparent to us by solving the spirit flowers in the atmosphere of the room. The voice of "John Watt" followed about 9.30, and he continued speaking with us till nearly 11; many humorous and instructive remarks were made by him. Lights were seen in different parts of the room, and one very remarkable sphere of light was seen by A. C. S. beside C. W. Pearce.

Loud raps occurred in Mrs. Shaw's room, at 5 Cambridge Road, while her daughter was present, just after her return home at 1.15 a. m., and again next morning (the 16th). Our friends here, William Dell and wife, Mrs. Shaw, and Miss Elmer were informed during the sitting at Stockwell, by one of our spirit circle, Messmer, of the number of each sex present at C. W. P.'s seance: his statement being confirmed by us on our return.

16th.—C. W. Pearce with us. He had been "impressed" during the afternoon, first to visit the "Progressive Library," 15 Southampton Row, to read an article on "The Power of the Human Will," by Oliver Stevens, in the "American Spiritualist," and afterwards to visit our circle for a special purpose. We sat till about 8.30, and soon afterwards C. W. P. started from his chair, his arms stretched rigidly out to the right and left as if galvanised. We thought at first that one of our spirit friends had entranced him with the intention, if possible, of using his organism to speak to us through, but he soon made rapid passes over the table as if there was some influence on it that required to be removed. He next threw the table on the floor, and after letting it lie there a few seconds he raised it, and commenced making passes over the medium, Miss Shaw, whom he entranced, and afterward made continuous rapid passes around her for several minutes. We were told then by one of our spirit circle, that the object was to separate "John Watt" from a member of it who had followed us home from C. W. P.'s seance the preceding evening, and wished, with the concurrence of our spirit circle, to join it. We were also told that our spirit friend had caused the rapping heard by Mrs. Shaw and her daughter, and by Mrs. W. and myself just before we sat down. He was the first to communicate. C. W. P. was requested by the spirit circle to join us again on the following evening.

17th.—(Sunday).—Sat from 7 p. m. to 9.15. The hands of Miss Shaw and C. W. Pearce were alone allowed to remain on the table—the former's hands were soon after held by A. C. S. and

C. W. P., each one holding a hand during the remainder of the sitting. Room kept light at first and afterward darkened. The operations seemed chiefly confined to magnetizing C. W. P. again made many passes over the medium and over our circle. Lights and the forms of our spirit friends were seen in the darkened room. Directions given by Ed. Denys for the publication of four more of his sermons. C. W. P. was requested to join our circle on the following evening.

18th.—All hands but one of the medium's kept off the table. Lights and forms seen as usual—the controlling spirit always seen by Mrs. Knight, standing opposite to her. She sees them come and go.

19th.—Similar proceedings and results.

20th.—Like phenomena.

21st.—Through the weak health of two of our circle, but little was seen in the room this evening other than a hazy light, with very indistinct forms.

22nd.—Magnetizing seemed the chief work of our spirit friends. Much light seen in the room, but no distinct forms.

23rd.—Much light seen, but no forms clear.

24th.—Room light, but little seen. Impressed by two of our spirit friends to write a letter of welcome to Chunder Sen, the Indian reformer, and send him a copy of "The Alpha." The following is the letter as dictated by us, and accordingly, with our views and wishes, it was sent to Chunder Sen with the book, on the 26th inst:

Hail, child of light, son of the East, land of the rising sun, all hail!

The brethren in progress welcome thee; welcome with gladness thy noble utterances in the cause of spiritual freedom.

Welcome thy fearless spirit in its devotion to truth.

Welcome thy rejection of dogmas and creeds. Welcome thy exposure of Christian idolatry; the proclamation of one God.

Welcome thy faith in the divinity of man, and the Christ-like love that reveals it to England, all true brethren welcome thee.

A tribute to thy manhood is offered—'tis a book—"The Alpha." Within is the jewel of great price, brought by a skilled master, now working in the upper world. Its pages burn with a living fire, and shine with light from the fount of truth, most needful to humanity.

Inspired by intelligence, it is offered to intelligence; design to accept it and make it thine own.

Hearts and hands in this, and the world beyond, unite to strengthen thee in thy efforts to release from the chains which ignorance and priestly arrogance, and in the name of religion, have forged around the sons and daughters of thy native land.

No true progress can ever be made by humanity till the God-like nature of man be recognized, and mental freedom, his birthright, be his. This will never be conceded by those who arrogate the pallid of emissaries from heaven. They shout, "Great is the mystery of godliness, and we alone explain it!" Freedom will engulf their craft.

But fear not, beloved brother; progress, thy soul's desire, is eternal. The infinite intelligence, from whence we are, is ever working. The divine light, which shines through thee, is in all, and waiting but the time, will pierce by its intensity the gross darkness in which priest-craft has enveloped the mind, and reveal to now degraded man his heavenly birth, and the universal Fatherhood of God.

Then the immortal mind, crowning strong with knowledge, shall rise above earth-born superstitions, and mounting upwards on the expanded wings of its own intelligence, shall itself enter into the bosom of holier, and there walk with God.—Ever yours, for man's brethren,
A. C. SWINTON.

5 Cambridge Road, the Junction, Kilburn, N. W., April 26, 1870.
To Keshub Chunder Sen.

IMMORTALITY.

BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

Oh, glances of eternal truth!
That kindle only life—on and on
Progressing—'er in unending youth,
As pure as—yes, as love we do it.

Thou darkness! clouds obscure the gaze
Of man, but thou art not thick veil;
Thou storm! will yet dispell the sad
Which o'erspreads the soul's decay.

When each great, eternal cause of life
Holds hand, and long I cling to thee;
I beseech the wood I greet the earth—
Which opens to me joy and peace!

Then let all hearts rejoice and sing
A glorious anthem to our God,
The "Great First Cause" and benediction King,
Who rules both joy and "chastening" rod.

Let tears of sorrow cease to flow,
Let every soul set well its part,
Let love's bright beam forever glow,
That joy may leap from every heart.

Note for Readers.

The first number of the above named Journal is before us. It is printed in the German language, and is devoted to the exposition of the Harmonical Philosophy. It supplies a want that has long been felt in this country. We bid it welcome to the ranks of spiritual journalism, and wish it success in the work it has undertaken among our German brethren.

It is issued semi-monthly, at one dollar a year. Address, Die Zeitschrift, Washington, D.C.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to S. N. JONES, 187 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEFENDENT.

"We do not see the future for Spiritualism which we once hoped."

In the *Present Age* of July 9th is an article in the Pacific Department, edited by J. S. Loveland, which seems to have a vein of distrust penetrating every part of it. In reference to Spiritualism, and a fear that it will not become what the writer once hoped. There seems to be connected with all new enterprises or reformatory movements a certain class of persons whose individual make-up is of that character that prompts them to see failure and disintegration, when the condition of affairs presents them no reason for so doing.

A very few of our speakers, who, possessing no oratorical ability, none of that psychological power which throws a spell, as it were, over an audience, and rivets its attention, do not attract a large crowd of listeners, and who are too egotistical to comprehend the real cause thereof, and ascribe the failure to Spiritualism, instead of themselves. Their meetings not being well attended, their audience a listless and sleepy, they think at once that disintegration must have commenced in the ranks of Spiritualism.

Bro. Loveland says:
"We received a letter, some few days since, from one of the most prominent Spiritualists in the East, who, in speaking of the American Association of Spiritualists, remarked: 'Our organization has failed.' This is true. It has failed to answer the end of its creation; it has failed to become a power in the world: but it is equally true that all other organizations, with but few exceptions, have also failed, and those which have not as yet gone down, will, in time, follow those that have gone before them."

Spiritualists, those who are comprehensive in their views, and far seeing, not desiring to imitate the theosophical institutions of theology, those fossilized arrangements that make man a machine, have opposed all systems of organization that were to be founded on creeds or doctrines. While they entertained friendly notions in reference to any system of organization that has for its object a financial base, the collection of funds to promote the cause of reform, they have persistently opposed the building up of organizations that have a platform with principles engraved thereon to direct man in his beliefs and investigations.

The organizations of old theology, the fossilized institutions of bigotry and superstition, each have a compass and a chart, and the members thereof are compelled to obey them, looking only in the direction that the compass points, and following the old beaten path marked out by the chart.

Again he says:
"But we were saying that our modes of organization were radically defective. That they did not harmonize with nature's method. Of course, they must fail, sooner or later. As nature organizes from a central germ of life or force to an outward form of action, so must we. We must base our organization on a vital principle, one which shall dominate our whole life course, or else we shall surely fail. Thus far, we have not done it. We have deprecated a declaration of principles, or if we have professed them, it has been lip profession only, for we have not manifested the power of them in any living form of effort. Hence, we are to day without school, college, any institution of any exponent of our true religion. And so far as the world learns anything of Spiritualism, save in a few rare instances, it is indebted to the promptings of our individual selfishness for the opportunities it at times possesses."

The lamentations of our Brother really excite our sympathy. The fact that to day we are without a school or college, shows nothing detrimental to the progress of Spiritualism.

Schools and colleges, founded on a sectarian basis, have always been the base of our institutions. When the University of Virginia was

so liberally endowed by the immortal Jefferson, it was with the explicit understanding that nothing of a sectarian character should be connected therewith, and that even prayer or the reading of a chapter in the Bible should not be allowed within the building as preliminary to any exercise. Schools and colleges are not intended to inculcate ideas in reference to Deity, the Immaculate Conception, or the Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Why, then, do we need a college? To-day nearly all the colleges in the land are more or less infected with ideas in regard to Spiritualism. Even in some of our most popular universities, one or more of the professors believe in our philosophy. Penetrating as it does all walks of life, all classes of society, we cannot see the necessity of having schools and colleges founded on a sectarian (Spiritualistic) basis. As well desire our State Government in the hands of Spiritualists exclusively, as to foster an idea that it is essential to our growth and prosperity as Spiritualists to have schools in which the arts and sciences must be taught by Spiritual professors. To-day Spiritualism has invaded every college, can be found among the executive officers of nearly every State, and even among the high officials at Washington. It enters all conditions of life, political, religious, and scientific, and exerts a modifying influence thereon. Several of the orthodox Sabbath-schools are limiting to some extent, our Children's Progressive Lyceums. Even ministers of the gospel, feeling the gradual encroachment of the softening influence of our views; are ignoring the infallibility of the scriptures, and begin to look favorably on our progressive ideas.

The ideas of Brother Loveland in reference to our speakers, we do not think are correct. He says:

"We do not wish to intimate that Spiritualistic writers and speakers are any more selfish than others, but to suggest that but few, very few, would be forward in that field but for the pecuniary compensation afforded; and that few stay there, when more money can be secured elsewhere."

A more self-sacrificing class of laborers can not be found, as a general thing, than those engaged as speakers in the cause of the Harmonical Philosophy. Many of them who are zealously at work, and whose efficiency none can doubt, could do much better in other business, but loving our views, and actuated by pure, noble motives, they go forth, laboring earnestly that our cause may triumph.

Again he says:
"Hence, taking all things into consideration, we do not see the future for Spiritualism which we once hoped."

Read the article in another column, headed: "Who among us could better it?" from the pen of an orthodox minister, and then you will feel that Spiritualism is exerting a benign influence in every direction.

The following letter from T. B. Taylor, of Fort Scott, Kansas, shows that the spirits are not dependent, care-worn or weary, but, on the contrary, are continually searching for avenues through which they can send forth gleams of sunshine and smiles of hope from dear ones in the radiant spheres above.

GHOSTS IN THE HOUSE OF A CLERGYMAN—WHAT NEXT?

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL: Rev. Mr. — is one of the leading clergymen of that highly respectable and, in many respects, worthy denomination known as Methodists. He is a gentleman of fine culture and of superior preaching ability, a thorough reformer, and is called a "live man." He is preaching at the present time in one of our great Western cities, as pastor of its leading Methodist Church. His family still reside at their old home in a distant city, it being thought dangerous to move with an infant son, during the hot weather of the summer. He was at home a short time ago on a visit, at which time his little son was very ill for a number of days with *dysentery infantum*, but becoming convalescent, Mr. — returned to his field of labor in the city.

Yesterday he received a letter from his wife, from which we have the liberty to make the following extract:
"My dear husband: I have delayed writing for a few days, that I might see more fully how Baby was going to be. He has been much worse since you left us, but is better now. Whether he is going to live or not, none can tell. We will do every thing we can for him, and trust in God for the result."

Strange things have been occurring, and are of daily occurrence in our house since you left us. It is wonderful indeed.

Doris (this was the name of their oldest daughter, a bright, intelligent, religious little girl, of about eleven years) makes, or the invisible intelligence make through her, the centric table, first thing after I went into the parlor, to tell me about him. Said Mary, a neighbor woman had helped him some, but Dr. K. could do more, etc.

We have communications from all our dear loved ones, and they talk of you. It is really wonderful! You would hardly know what to do if you were here; but really it is a great comfort to us. We intend to see if those dear spirits can speak through the trumpet, etc.

Now this sensible wife and mother is an intelligent and accomplished lady, brought up a Congregationalist of the strictest sect, and has never known anything of spirit manifestations, except as she has read or heard others talk of them, for "more light!" not in Masonry, but in science and religion.

What next? If the spirits get after the preachers, and media spring up in their own houses, what will they do? Will they act the fool and hold prayer-meetings to exorcise the devil, or will they, like this sensible wife and mother, encourage the angels?

Oh, for "more light!" not in Masonry, but in science and religion.

From the above, it will be plainly seen that

the spirits, ever active and hopeful, are invading the "sacred circles" of orthodox society, and producing the tiny rap, awaking within the minds of those who cannot be reached otherwise, the glorious fact that Spiritualism is true, and that our friends continually hover around us, ready when death approaches, to greet us in our homes above.

Brother J. O. Barrett, who is now laboring efficiently in Wisconsin, entertaining the idea that the future of Spiritualism is indeed bright. He writes to the *Banner* as follows:

"The story is reported by the enemies of the spiritual gospels that Spiritualism is reacting over all the country; that its heralds are discouraged; that its forces are scattered in confusion. How untrue! All through these rural retreats so beautiful, the thinking people are earnest and hopeful, asking for the 'bread which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world.'"

I am now on a transient missionary tour, and am able to judge of the condition we are in. True, we are not organized,—no head, no system of work, and the workers are few,—but despite our social indefiniteness, and the slanders of 'unrighteous Mammon,' Spiritualism is marching on. It is like the sunlight,—still and potent, warming the mental landscape everywhere. Some of our very best minds in the country out here are identified with us.

In Eau Claire, where years ago I used to live, the Methodists opened their church to me, and came in with their choir, attentive listeners to the truths which burst upon us in a golden glow of inspiration.

It is now mid-summer, everybody is busy, the heat most oppressive, the evenings short; yet the people flock to the standard of heaven with joyful expectancy. Ere long the lilies of angel purity will blossom from the mud. I am much pleased with the mental and moral mold of the Spiritualists in Sparta. They are generous-hearted, too.

Every speaker has desponding hours; the battle is severe; the self-sacrifice is great; but what gladness of soul when victory comes! Let us take courage, oh, ye faithful, for we shall yet see the harvest of our sowing 'mid tears and trials, and we shall yet reap 'if we faint not.'"

In our opinion, the prospects for Spiritualism were never brighter than to-day. On all sides we hear the most cheering reports. Emma Harding, Denton, Wilson, and a host of other speakers, have more calls than they can possibly attend to.

More interest than ever before is now taken in Spiritual literature. The rapid increase in the circulation of the JOURNAL and the immense sale of our books is evidence that the people are investigating our cause. Meetings for the purpose of disseminating the ideas peculiar to Spiritualism alone, are more frequent this summer than ever before. The manifestations are assuming new phases, and renewed interest is everywhere being felt.

In various States, instead of having annual conventions, the friends meet semi-annually, compare notes, add take into consideration the best means to be pursued in order to promote our cause and introduce it into parts where it is now but little known.

To-day Spiritualism is stronger than ever before, its friends and adherents more hopeful, and they entertain the idea that the time is not far distant when the manifestations will be of that startling character that will cause the dry bones of old Theology to be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

We remember the time well when our Brother, J. S. Loveland, in convention, buried his anathemas against physical manifestations or dark sciences. Every true Spiritualist fully realizes the fact that the physical manifestations are the pioneer workers of our philosophy, and without their assistance the progress of Spiritualism would be comparatively slow.

The mission of the Davenport has been grand indeed. Though enveloped in a cloud of darkness, the manifestations have been none the less true and satisfactory. Notwithstanding Brother Loveland's intense opposition to this peculiar phase of Spiritual manifestations, it has advanced amazingly in the estimation of the masses of Spiritualists; and to-day spirit hands are made visible, spirits talk in the dark in audible voices, give lectures and answer questions that have puzzled the ablest minds. These dark sciences are just as essential to the existence of Spiritualism as are the dark hues of night to the comfort and health of man. It is in darkness that Home can handle fire, thrust his head into burning embers, put a red hot iron on his tongue, and suffer no inconvenience therefrom. These are called by some a low order of manifestations, when, in fact, they involve principles of chemistry that are truly complex. We have in the physical developments a Spiritual Galvanic Battery, the medium constituting one plate, the spirit circle the other, while the aim sphere answers for the chemical "solution," the circle of spirits with hands joined forming a circuit, and from them currents of the spiritual galvanism are emitted, that, thrown around the person of Home, fully protect him from the effects of the fire.

It may be unfortunate that certain seances have to be carried on in the dark,—unfortunate for those who are always skeptical, and cannot be convinced of the truthfulness of any thing unless the eye has seen it in broad daylight. Physical manifestations are not of a low order. The most learned chemist living, can hardly understand the process required, and the difficulty in producing them. We must not place one manifestation above another in this grand work of evangelizing the world. The lowest physical medium has as important a mission on his or her plane as the most brilliant writer or speaker. The world needs all this variety.

"Hence, taking all things into consideration, we see" more for Spiritualism than we ever hoped.

If anything has a tendency to injure Spiritualism, it is the infatuated vanity and egotism of some of our speakers, who ignore spirit influence and say: "It is I who say all this,—I who make this speech,—I want credit for having some brains myself;" when, in fact, if thrown on their own resources, and left without spirit aid, they would be incapable of holding an audience. Such speakers, however, exist but a little while. They die out gradually, and are soon lost from view and the world is not the loser.

"Progressive persons are Spiritualists, but were not made so by it, any more than conservatives were made such by its influence."

This is a distinct declaration of our Brother. "Progressive persons are Spiritualists, but were not made so by it!" Supposing Spiritualism had no existence, would they have become Spiritualists? Surely, if our brother's reasoning is correct. Nine tenths of all Spiritualists will deny the truthfulness of the above assertion,—which is a sufficient refutation.

Our brother in his article manifests disappointment, and like the man with jaundiced eyes, sees everything yellow. He came to the First National Convention at Chicago; with articles prepared for a national organization of spiritualists. He and his articles were not appreciated by the convention. The fault, in his estimation, was in Spiritualism. At the Providence convention, he and Wadsworth got themselves appointed on a committee to report upon the subject of *Media*, etc., at the next annual convention, which was held at Cleveland. At the latter convention their labors and conclusions were again rejected—not appreciated. This, also in his estimation, was the fault of Spiritualism.

Lastly, the same gentleman got up a bogus convention in a remote little town in Illinois, and attempted to make himself the president of the Illinois Association of Spiritualists, with divers and sundry amendments to the constitution of said association,—all of which acts and designs were not appreciated by the spiritualists of Illinois,—hence he says, "We do not see the future for Spiritualism, which we once hoped."

Exactly: Spiritualism has not proved to be an *ism* that was to be the instrument of designing men, to be used by them to persecute those who dared to express an independent opinion, however it might conflict with the selfish designs of would-be leaders. Every effort which has been made to that end, has been a failure. This JOURNAL has stood firm in its opposition to the schemes of selfishness, that from time to time, has been put forth to sclerotize a system which comprehends within its ample folds the philosophy of all life; hence the puny efforts of a certain class of men to crush the JOURNAL out of existence.

The last dying moments of the American Association of Spiritualists at Buffalo, was disturbed by the devotees of a system of Sectarian Spiritualism, in their denunciations of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Their defeat and our unprecedented triumph causes their chief, in the deep lamentation of his soul, to cry out, "We do not see the future for Spiritualism which we once hoped."

Indeed, how different with us!

With our eyes undimmed and vision clear, we catch a glimpse of that future which reveals the grandeur and magnificence of Spiritualism. The world made better, purer and holier through its sanctifying influence, the spiritual and the material will be wedded and the fruits thereof will cover the whole world, abiding an influence that will be felt in every human heart. Bright and glorious day! the twilight of which can be seen in the tiny raps as well as in the thundering tones of our lectures, we welcome thee! Spiritualism is now in its bud, but under the invigorating influence of faithful stewards, it will soon blossom, and overarching the whole heavens, its rainbow-tinted hues will usher in the morning twilight of the only millennium that this earth will ever behold. With our hearts radiant with hope, we will struggle on, waiting for the good time coming, when the ceremony of wedding the material and the spiritual together in harmonious action shall have been completed, and then the world, in the enjoyment of one continual "honeymoon," will have become, through Spiritualism, what we contemplated.

REMEMBER THE PRINTER.

Those of our subscribers who are owing for the JOURNAL, some for a long time, should remember that we pay every dollar that it costs every week, and if we should receive every cent that is our due from each subscriber, it would not be more than pay current expenses. If the friends of our philosophy would but reflect for a moment upon the sacrifices that are being made by publishers of spiritual papers, to promulgate truth, they would not grudge a year's subscription in advance, to relieve them from pecuniary embarrassment.

We continue to send the JOURNAL three months to new subscribers, for 50 cts. Here is a sacrifice in each case of twenty cents, and yet we willingly suffer the loss in the hope of awakening an interest among those who now know but little upon the subject, and thereby securing permanent subscribers.

We also continue to send the JOURNAL to subscribers after the time for which they have paid expires, for which we have often received the expression of heart-felt thanks from such subscribers, while on the other hand we have, on several occasions, received abusive letters from those who have weekly taken the paper for a year, more or less, on credit, because we wanted pay.

It is a fact that there are here and there to be found men and women who love Spiritualism so long as they can receive all the benefits of spiritual papers, lectures and the time of mediums free from expense; but as soon as requested to abide by the golden rule, by rendering a recompense for value received, all their predilections are for the "Bab-pols of Egypt," old Orthodoxy.

In view of this plain statement of facts, will all true friends be so kind as to exert themselves and make remittances for what is already our due, and procure as many new trials and other subscribers as possible?

On our part we will work with renewed vigor, and assure you that the JOURNAL shall continue to improve from week to week, as it has in the past, giving you entire satisfaction.

AN INDIAN PROPHECY.

The *Cherokee Advocate* says a young girl of the Creek nation recently fell into a trance, and has since been prophesying to the tribe. She says that while in this inanimate state, she held communion with invisible spirits, who learned her a song which she sings with great beauty and effect. She has predicted one or two deaths, which have come to pass, and told from her own feelings of a murder, at the very time it was committed, at a distance of several miles from her home. She has also purchased her burial clothes, foretold at what time her death would take place, and certain signs which would then be seen and from which the world could judge of the sincerity of her professions, and the truth of her revelations. People from all sections are flocking to see her. There are many who consider her case a remarkable one, and who, believing in her inspiration, have become alarmed, and have foreseen the error of their ways.

LONG SOUGHT FOR, FOUND AT LAST.

In our advertising columns to-day may be found that of NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, an article totally unlike anything else in the market, inasmuch as it is as clear as crystal and free from all poison. It has already an immense sale, and gives perfect satisfaction. Too long have the poisonous preparations been used by the public, and they have done a great amount of mischief. We, therefore, hail the new article with joy, and heartily recommend our readers to peruse the advertisement in another column, and then give the Restorative a trial. No lady's or gentleman's toilet can be complete without it, as it restores gray hairs, eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out, cures humors of the scalp and headache, and is one of the best hair dressers in the world. This proprietor assures us that upward of fifty thousand bottles have been sold since Jan. 1st. This is proof positive of its good qualities.

BALANCE THE ACCOUNT.

It is not an uncommon thing for parties ordering their papers discontinued, to fail to pay for the last two or three numbers. It is unjust, and belittles the man's soul. Pay to the last cent, and leave a clear record. Wilson or some other good medium will be round and remind such, and their neighbors, of the blemish they have thus voluntarily allowed to mar their souls for the paltry cost of two or three newspapers. At least two numbers of the paper will go to a subscriber before the same can be taken from the mailing galleries after the order to discontinue is written. Calculation should be made accordingly.

Talks to My Patients.—By Mrs. M. M. Gleason, M. D.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the well known author, says of it:
"I would gladly see this work in the hands of every young mother in the land; it would serve to give her confidence in herself and in the divine provisions of Nature. She would be saved from that weak and senseless fear which embitters the life of the young wife and mother, and leads her to adopt courses destructive to her peace of mind and detrimental to her health."

The full, gracious womanhood of the author is apparent throughout, not unmingled with a cheerful humor quite refreshing upon such subjects. She is evidently familiar with the pen, and uses it with ease. She is sufficiently scientific, but not technically so, and her book may be cited as proof that women never undertake anything they are unable to accomplish. I am proud to say that such women honor the profession; they are fast driving from its ranks those unprincipled charlatans who cater to the weakness and wickedness of woman, and render marriage a barren and dishonored relation."

TO INVESTIGATORS.

Many are writing to us, asking questions in regard to the "Nature of God," having read our articles on "God unveiled, etc.," which have appeared from time to time in the JOURNAL. Our readers are aware that this is an abstract question, and the interrogatories propounded are well calculated to puzzle the ablest mind. We presume all the questions asked will be answered in a series of articles that will in due time appear in the JOURNAL. Until then, be patient, and if we fail to answer your questions clearly, send us additional ones.

JUST BEGINNING TO BELIEVE!

An item is going the rounds of the papers, to this effect:
"Prof. Austin Ames, in the *Advocate*, expresses his belief that some of the phenomena of Spiritualism are really caused by extra-corporeal spiritual agencies. He refers them to Satan."

Well, such an admission from such a source is better than a square materialistic denial, and shows that some of the men of Prof. Ames' stamp, are getting somewhat beyond the toe-and-knee knocking explanation. Here is evidence of progress! They will soon take another step in advance.

D. P. Keyner, M. D., Clairvoyant, Physician and Inspirational Speaker, of Erie, Pa., would like to make arrangements to lecture during the fall and winter in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. Address as above until October.

Dr. Keyner has the reputation of a first class speaker and a reliable clairvoyant. He should be kept constantly employed.

Dr. Underhill, the indefatigable worker in the cause of Spiritualism, has returned to his home in Tonawanda, Illinois, and is in excellent health and spirits. He is truly a veteran in the cause of reform, and has been instrumental in doing great good. We hope he may live many years yet, to labor in the cause of reform.

